LADIES' JOURNAL.

— DEVOTED TO —

LITERATURE, FASHION DOMESTIC MATTERS ETC. ETC.

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THE LADIES' JOURNAL

CROWNED BY SORROW.

Tanglewood—that was the name it bore, and well did the place merit its title. An old stone house, whose walls on both sides were covered with ivy, a wilderness of shrubbery stretching to the right and left, a gently flowing river winding its way through the mass of green on one side—that was the picture.

Tanglewood had been the home of Dorothy Tracy ever since she was three years old. Her step-father, Albert Thorne, had then brought her to it, and there they had lived ever since, a quiet and uneventful existence. He had told her often how her young mother and he had been girl and boy lovers: how they had been separated by some silly quarrel, and he, too proud to seek her, had gone away, and she, some months after, in a fit of pique, married a rich old bachelor, who loved her devotedly. The elderly husband did not long enjoy the society of his beautiful child wife, for when Dorothy was but six weeks old he died suddenly, leaving the whole of his immense fortune to his widow and her blue-eyed babe.

A year afterward, as her father said, he had returned to his home to find his child sweetheart again free. The old quarrel was swept out of their lives, and they were married. Then, when Dorothy was three years old, her mother died, leaving her husband sole guardian to the child. He, weary of the place so full of associations of his departed loved one, had gone among strangers, and bought Tanglewood.

A year ago Dorothy had met Herbert Leigh, who gave to her the love of his manhood; and when he asked her to be his wife she consented.

Thus matters stood on one September evening when Dorothy, returning from a row on the river with Herbert, lingered and watched the receding form of her lover. When he had disappeared she went within doors to the library, where her step-father sat reading. He was very indulgent to her in every way, and she loved and trusted him.

Throwing aside his paper as she entered, he said,—

"I hope you enjoyed your row, Dorothy?"

"Very much indeed, father;" and a blush swept over her charming face. "The river was perfect this afternoon."

She seated herself in a low rocking chair. Presently, glancing at him, she asked,—

"Is anything the matter, father? You look worried."

"I am worried, Dorothy," nervously rubbing together his hands. "There is something burdening my mind which I ought to tell you. Perhaps I should have done so years ago, but your life has been so peaceful, so happy, that I could not bear that my hand should be the first to cast a shadow upon it. The time has come, however, when in justice to yourself I can no longer withold it from you."

Over her usually placid face there crept an anxious, startled expression.

"Tell me, father, what it is. Surely it must be some thing dreadful, or you would not look as you do."

In her eagerness she leaned over and laid her hand upon his chair.

"Yes, I will tell you," he murmured, "though I would rather die than do so."

He paused a moment, and then continued in a hesitating way,—

"I have never mentioned to you, my poor child, the curse which hangs over your otherwise fair young life—the curse of hereditary insanity. Your mother, Dorothy, died insane, as did her mother before her."

"Oh, no, father! not that. Tell me anything but that!" she cried, her face turning marble-like in its pallor.

"Would that I could!" he answered.

She bowed her head in the intensity of her grief. Suddenly, looking up, she said,—

"Do you know what this news means to me, father? It means that, knowing it, I should be committing a grevious sin to marry, and Herbert and I must part—God pity me!"

"I think your views are right, Dorothy. The same thoughts have been in my mind. That is why I felt I could no longer delay telling you this dreadful news," he said.

"I want to be alone to think."

Raising her face, which such a short time before had been radiantly happy, now stamped with wretchedness and determination, she went to her own room to battle with her grief.

The next day, when Herbert Leigh called upon his prospective bride, she met him with a pale face, and eyes that were heavy with tears.

"You are surely not well, Dorothy?" he queried, as he seated himself upon a sofa by her side.

"I spent a wretched night," she answered. "But my sleeplessness had a cause which I must tell you without delay."

Then she told him—though her voice would tremble with the burden of its words—the cruel story she had learned the night before. Ere she finished he had his arms about her, as if to protect her from the bitterness of it all.

"What of it, Dorothy darling, what of it?" he cried when she had finished. "I know it is a terrible thing, but still you may escape the curse, for I will make your life so happy, sweetheart, so happy that the dread monster will fear to enter."

"You do not seem to understand, Herbert," and her words were broken with emotion. "You must know that conscious of this calamity it would be exceedingly wrong for us to marry—and we must part."

The last three words were a wail of despair. Hers was a true, loyal nature; with her, to love once was to love for all time.

"It cannot be, Dorothy! I refuse to give you up!" And he tightened his hold upon her.

"Herbert"—she raised her head from his shoulder, while resolution shone in her clear eyes—"God knows this sorrow is hard enough for me to bear. Do not make it harder. Help me, my love, to do what is right."

Still he pleaded his cause as only a man can plead when he loves a woman, and would count the world well lost if, by it, he should win her. But he spoke in vain; right in her noble heart occupied a much higher place than love. Then he was fain to leave her—leave her for all time, as was her request.

The next day he left the village for an extended tour, feeling that he could not remain in the same place with his love and not see her.

Three years he was absent, and during the first part of that time often wrote imploring letters to Dorothy, begging her to relent. She remained firm, however, and finally, seeing his efforts were fruitless, Herbert allowed his thoughts to wander from her, and at length gave his heart to an attractive girl he had chanced upon in his travels. Then with his winsome bride he returned to his old home.

That was the hardest blow of all for Dorothry to bear. She had thought her lover less fickle than other men, and consequently was disappointed, though she could not find it in her heart to blame him. Surely she could not desire that his life should be wrecked because hers was? Still all that did not soften the constant pain tugging at her heart.

She tried to arouse herself from her sorrow by taking an interest in the poor of the village. Often the stately form, with its noble, sad face, might be seen bending over the bedside of the sick, or stooping to caress the little children who clung to her dress.

Thus ten years passed, until one day her own sick needed her care, for Mr. Thorne fell dangerously ill. He grew rapidly worse, and in a few days the physician told her he had but a few hours to live.

Hers was the gentle hand which cooled with its light touch the burning brow of her step-father. Hers was the tongue which told him in a soothing, quiet way, that his hours on earth were now numbered.

"Die!" muttered he, wildly. "I must not die! I will not die!" and he lay tossing and moaning for some time.

She talked to him soothingly, and at length he grew quiet, and lay with face set and stern, while his eyes were fixed upon her, seeming to implore help. Presently he broke the silence, saying, in a bitter tone,—

"Child, I have wronged you—wronged you foully—and I cannot die until I confess my sin and ask your forgiveness. Then, if you can give it to me, pray that God will also be merciful."

"Do not excite yourself, dear father;" and the cool hand tenderly stroked his forehead. "I will forgive you anything, even before I know what it is."

Then he told her, though often he would pause, exhausted, and rest a few moments before he could proceed, that knowing her marriage would take her wealth from his guardianship, he had been tempted to invent the story concerning the taint of insanity in her family. Understanding her nobility of character, he had well judged that she would never marry, believing his story to be true.

Dorothy felt as if her heart were clutched by an icy hand as she listened to the confession, but she stifled her own feelings, forgave the sinful man who had ruined her life, and soothed to the best of her power his last hours.

After her father's death and burial Dorothy resumed her old life, taking to live with her, as a companion, a woman who, like herself, was alone in the world.

Occasionally she met Herbert Leigh, who was practicing successfully his profession in and about the village. But to him she never revealed the confession made by her dying step-father. She knew it could accomplish no good, and shrank from needlessly disclosing the sin of the dead man.

She never married, but lived a life which belonged to others rather than herself. Oftentimes strangers seeing the stately woman with her gentle grace of manner, wondered why she had remained single. That, though, was known to but one other beside herself—Herbert Leigh—and even he knew but part of the truth. The other part, sad and bitter, lay buried in her own heart.

Some lives are beautifully crowned by sorrow. What though the gems are crystallized tears, and the setting is the gold of patient endurance? Such was the life of Dorothy, the mistress of Tanglewood.

The house sparrow and tomtit come last in the list of early-rising birds.

At short intervals after 4.30 the voices of the robin and wren are heard in the land.

The greenfinch is the first to rise and sings as early at 1:30 on a summer morning.

The lark does not rise until after the chaffinch, linnet and a number of hedgerow folk have been merrily piping for a good while.

She Dearly Loves a Bargain.

The love of a bargain, particularly in the dry goods line, is the touch of nature which makes the world of womankind akin. The woman, of whatever class or condition, who does not love a bargain is indeed a rara avis. And the shopkeepers all understand this perfectly and shape their business methods accordingly.

The seeking of bargains is to a large number of women a regular diversion; to others, bargains are a snare and a delusion, and there are those who profit regularly and systematically by them, whether they come under the head of "special sale" or some other one of the alluring announcements which are put forth. The first mentioned class are by far the larger and decidedly the more profitable to the dealers. It includes not only the well-to-do, but the wealthy. Said one of the managers of a large south side establishment: "People who are able to pay good prices appreciate bargains quite as much, if, indeed, not more, than any other class." A special sale in one of the handsome, conservatively-conducted establishments, which under no circumstances would advertise a Monday bargain day, will often bring a jam of carriages and throng the establishment with ladies whose dainty garments evidence that they toil not neither spin, and that they are bargain-seekers as a mild, diverting fad.

It was Bill Nye who said that moving day was not a burden to the poor for they had nothing to move, neither to the rich for they did not move, but that to the great middle classes who were in the habit of buying everything that was offered them, with no place to put it and no use for it, moving day came as an overwhelming, crushing burden: and to these same middle classes bargains are as a rule and of a truth a delusion and a snare. They buy things because they are cheap, with no present, and, for the matter of that, no definite future use for them. In this way they are guilty of extravagance which if perpetrated in any other form than in the purchase of a bargain would be considered nothing less than a culpable piece of folly. A woman who belongs to the by no means small class who are the repeated and willing victims of bargains saw a handsome five-yard length of velvet exposed for sale at the absurdly small price of $2.25. Here was a golden opportunity to get something, if not for nothing, for a mere song, and seized upon it without delay. When she came to examine it and consider it in relation to anything with which it could be used she found it was one of those odd shades which occasionally finds its way into the market and which harmonizes with nothing under the sun, and, as for matching it, that was beyond the range of the possible. The velvet was cheap, "dirt cheap," but its hapless purchaser had nothing to do but put it away with a vast collection of other "finds" of about equal value. If it were possible to compute the amount of money which is annually expended in this way the sum would be something appalling, and unfortunately it is expended by women who can ill afford the luxury of a useless purchase.

The woman who makes the bargain in all its forms yield her an advantage is what every woman should be, a good shopper. And, speaking of a good shopper, to learn to be a judicious buyer ought to be a part of every girl's education, even if she is obliged to forego the higher mathematics and an exhaustive study of the theory of evolution. A woman is of necessity the buyer of the household, and until carefully trained to know the absolute value of money in relation to goods she cannot safely trust herself in a crowded shop where not only unreliable goods and false values are likely to be presented, but the bewildering and temptingly arranged variety is almost sure to be misleading.

However, among the swarms of women who throng the shops the good shopper is not one in a hundred and as the average bargain betrays so large a per cent of womankind it is safe to beware of it.

The Expression of the Eye

It is in the eye that the last battle is fought; this is the last fortress where expression concentrates all its forces, and often remains victorious, even after having abandoned every other province. The vulgar, who judge by the appearance of things, say that the emotion has disappeared, or has never existed, because they see the limbs and the body immobile and the face impassive; but the more profound observer finds concentrated in the eye all the forces which were previously scattered over a vast space, and judges rightly that the emotion is very strong, but that it has shut itself up entirely in a very narrow citadel. Sometimes, by force of hypocrisy or heroism (for in the physiology of the phenomenon no account can be taken of the moral side), all the expressive muscles of the body and the limbs have been successfully stilled; but a contrary expression has been substituted. We are overwhelmed with bitterness and humiliation, and yet we laugh and joyously bake our fingers, neck, or feet. Our whole body expresses contentment; the eye is silent, and resists this avalanche of falsehoods. All at once two big tears roll down the cheeks, and reveal the secret of the painful battle which is waging. The great painters and the great dramatic artists know how to express these hidden beauties; but we, who are neither painters nor comedians, should study these troubles of expression to profit by them in life.

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The Sand-Man.

Come, little girl, put by your things,
The Sand-man comes this way.
He'll soon pass by,
And you and I
Will feel the spell he brings,
And say,
Sleep till break of day.

Dolly is sleepy, watch her head.
The Sand-man's on the way,
She cannot sigh,
She gives a nod instead
To say,
Sleep till break of day.

Ah, there he goes! I caught him there
As he came down this way;
By yawn and sigh,
And sleepy eye,
I'd know his face again—
And say,
Sleep till break of day.

What One Woman Did.

It is our good fortune to have witnessed as complete a transformation scene as ever was produced on the stage of any threatre, and, unlike the wonders of the stage it vanishes not away, but remains firm and abiding, while the only curtain that comes between us and the vision, is the curtain of night. This goodly scene is nothing more nor less solid and substantial than a house built upon a rock, and withal a home, which I am sure would be approved by the inmates of the other "homes of the world" where the JOURNAL finds its way.

If only I possessed the dainty and delightful pen Miss Mitford used to draw the charming pen-pictures of village homes and people, I might do justice to the theme, but as I have instead to use a clumsy, modern stub, it is to be hoped due allowance will be made for the difference in the result.

Before telling what my little woman (whom we will call Katydid) has accomplished, you must know what the other woman (Katydidn't) did not do, to understand how complete the contrast is. Imagine a house of the plainest, most common style, with no blinds, little paint, and the forlor nest of aspects, placed on a dreary little lot whose only redeeming features were a few fruit trees and bushes planted by a former owner. The poor, unhappy Katydidn't perhaps merits our compassion as well as our disapproval, for ill-health had been her portion for many years, and she had outlived her family, being so entirely without kith or kin, that at her death all her little property went to the state. There were kind neighbors whom she really wished to reward for their attention, but, rather than pay a lawyer's fee to have a will properly drawn, she forfeited even the satisfaction of disposing of her possessions as seemed to her best.

The place was sold at auction, and the changes began when my little Katydid flew up to take possession. She had seen trials and troubles, too, and had worked hard, and saved long before venturing to buy a home of her own. A widow with two boys to care for, she had always made an attractive home for her little family in a few rented rooms, "carrying on smoothly and regularly that mysterious and very comprehensive business which is called housekeeping," going out to sew, taking an interest in her church work, and looking well to her fame for the best display of window plants in the village. It really seemed, when she came to this home of her own, as if she must possess a magic wand and keep it actively in motion, for a pretty porch soon graced the front door, a tiny bay-window blossomed out one day, in place of an ordinary one on the south side, while blinds flew up all around. All these improvements and paint did for the outside what tasteful paper and paint did within, but the indescribable charm of all lies in the home-making power one busy pair of hands possesses. At work from early morning until night, at the many things a clever woman can do, a great deal is accomplished, and without apparent effort, for this Katydid is one of the few who labor wisely and well.

A careful system and planning of work, and a care that there should be time for rest and enjoyment, will do much toward making this world less of a vale of tears for the many women who feel that they have more work than time in which to do it. Surely the result shows that the time is not wasted that is spent by my Katydid in her rocking-chair on winter evenings, doing nothing but rest and rock; or in the hammock under the trees in summer time reading, or contemplating her flowers.

If there were such a "bump" on the phrenological chart as love of flowers, I am sure this little person would have it abnormally developed. The desert surrounding her house was seen to blossom as the rose the first summer; as a bed of roses the second, and all under difficulty; for, to build a house upon a rock may be wise, yet when the few feet of ground about it are of like soil, and those same feet are desired to produce all the flowers that bloom in the seedmen's catalogues, it has its drawbacks. Gradually, however, the mellowing influence of time and dressing will have their effect on the stubborn soil, if Time spares the worker. The little garden must have been in quite a flutter of joy and pride when it beheld the change coming over it, and one imagines its delight when summer came must have been as great as that of the transformed windows in winter, with their flowers and pretty shades and curtains. Those fronting the street not being as desirable an exposure for growing plants as the others are reserved for a perpetual and varied flower-show. In the autumn, passers-by are first attracted by a collection of bright chrysanthe mums, which hold their sway longer than the flowers that succeed them. A symmetrical crab-cactus, full of blossoms, stately callas, graceful coral-begonias, daisies, hyacinths, with occasionally an especially pretty geranium, all have their chance to come before the public, and some at least of that public have learned to look each time they pass to see what graces the windows. The very canaries in their cages seem even more than usually bright and cheerful, in keeping with their surroundings.

And so the house that was a bare and dreary place, where one might exist, has become, through one woman's efforts, a lovely home, whose beauties are not only a delight to the dwellers therein, but a pleasure to all who see it, and an incentive to them to go and do likewise.

While it is to be regretted that no daughters are growing up here, to be trained to make other homes as attractive, the sons can but be better men for the good home influence, and as surely our young men ought to do their share towards a happy home-making, those who know from experience the benefits of such a blessing should be the ones to establish these blessings for others.

However great or successful a man or woman may become in this world, whether they can say they "wrote some little books," or "said some little says," or "preached a little preach," or "lit a little blaze," it is of more importance to those nearest and dearest to them if they can truthfully maintain, "I made things pleasant in one little place."

FIG. 33.—No. 4663.—LADIES' COSTUME. PRICE 35 CENTS. Quantity of material (54 inches wide) for 30, 32 inches, 5½ yards; 34, 36, 38, 40 inches, 6⅞ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 5⅜ yards of 54-inch light material, and 1½ yards of 54-inch dark material will be required for the medium size.

Two materials are required for this jacket suit, which is shown in cashmere and Bengaline silk, the latter forming the collar, sash, sleeve-caps, and jacket. Steel buttons and a buckle add the only extra trimming. A deep fringe is woven in the edge of the goods, but this is only a fad, as the commonly used finish would be an invisible hem. The back is plain, the sides pleated, and the front looped slightly toward the top. The bodice has a puffed yoke of the silk ruching as a loose plastron in front. The sash is tied in long fringed ends and loops, and the jacket has full sleeve-caps edged with a fringe. The jacket is in three pieces, short and square. Velvet could be selected for a jacket and sash if preferred. Pattern No. 4663, price 35 cents.

—For Ladies' Journal.

SUMMER DRINKS.

ANNIE L. JACK.

"Another cup of coffee and strong!"—such is the the request from some of the boys of our household who are tired of milk as the weather grows warm and want something cool, and suitable to quench thirst. We have tried a great many things for the purpose, ginger*ale*, currant juice and water, lemonade, and cold tea and coffee, but find nothing better than toast and water iced. As it is perhaps too simple to be known well I will describe the method we use.

Two or three pieces of bread are toasted, care being taken not to singe it, but each side is browned of a uniform color, they are then immersed in a jug of boiling water, and *covered till cold*, and must be kept in a closed vessel so that the aroma may not be lost by exposure to the air. Cream of tartar dissolved in boiling water acts benefically on the skin, and is a safe drink, quenching the thirst and cooling the blood. The water from boiled barley with a little lemon juice and bit of ice is a pleasant drink and healthful, while if one wishes a prepared drink, there is nothing better than Horsford's Acid Phosphates, which the stronger half of this household declares quenches thirst so successfully that the need of water is forgotten, besides quieting nerves, and cooling feverishness

Buttermilk is a perfect drink for those who can take it, and supplies the waste going on in the body and builds up as no other drink can. Doctors prescribe it often, and it is now in great demand in the cities, and superior to the many mineral waters that are so fashionable, and so much advertized.

Practical Suggestions.

To remove claret stains from table linens, rub on salt as soon as possible, and wash in the usual way. If not entirely removed, apply lemon juice and dry in the sun.

What is more disagreeable to use than a rusty flat-iron? Rub them with fine emery dust and sweet oil. If you cannot make them smooth, send them to a factory and have them ground.

If the stove is cracked, a good cement is made for it as follows: Wood ashes and salt in equal proportions, reduced to a paste with cold water, and filled in the cracks when the stove is cool. It will soon harden.

Save stale pieces of bread, and when an easy day comes, dry them thoroughly in an open oven, and with a rolling-pin crush as fine as dust. These, then, will always be at hand for preparing oysters, cutlets, croquettes, etc.

Go to bed at night to sleep; and not to think over the troubles of to-day, nor the anticipated trials of to-morrow. One woman said: "I plan my next day's work each night after retiring." Poor, little, nervous thing, see looked it.

When one is fatigued, tea is an efficient restorative. It forms an agreeable, warm drink, which is neither heating to the blood, nor oppressive to the stomach, particularly if taken slowly when one is sitting quietly. Large quantities, however, induce nervous disorders.

FIG. 31.—No. 4655.—LADIES' COSTUME. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30, 32 inches, 13 yards; 34, 36 inches, 13¼ yards; 38, 40 inches, 15 3-8 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30, 32 inches, 6 3-8 yards; 34, 36 inches, 6⅝ yards; 38, 40 inches, 7½ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 3½ yards of 42-inch plain material, 3¼ yards of 42-inch plaid material, and 3 1-8 yards of 18-inch velvet will be required for the medium size.

FIG. 31.—One or two woolen materials and velvet are stylishly combined in Pattern No. 4655, price 35 cents, which is shown in plaid and plain woolen fabrics and velvet of a darker shade than the latter goods. The lining skirt is shaped as usual and deeply faced in front and on the left side with the plaid, which also forms a border; both are cut on the bias, on the round, gathered skirt, which is lifted by a long buckle on the left side. The round waist opens invisibly and is full from the shoulders, with the vandyke yoke of velvet laid over the top, and a full Empire belt of velvet caught with a curved buckle. The gauntlet sleeves have a full puff of woolen material, with the lower part of velvet in many wrinkles over the arm, close fitting at the wrists, and trimmed with buttons up the inside seam. Collar of velvet. Hat of straw, decorated with plaid ribbon and gold pins.

Bib And Tray.

When baby first comes to the table and is not used to handling his cup, spoon, &c., he may meet with many mishaps. Therefore, it is best to have a bib or tray for his use. If a mishap does occur do what you can to correct the accident; tell him in loving tones that he must be more careful the next time; show him how to hold his cup steadily; see that the spoon is held in the right hand, &c. Thus, little by little, he learns what is right and what is objectionable. It may not always be best to have baby at the table when you have guests, for sometimes he will need so much of "mammas," time that she cannot pay proper attention to visitors; but it is well to let him dine with your guests while he is yet quite young. It will give him self-reliance; it will keep him from becoming awkward and clumsy in the presence of strangers—a failing which many children have, and many, too, who are graceful and polite while alone in the family.

Fashions in Women's Names.

Fashions in men's names change somewhat, but not as women's. John, Charles, George, and William reign in 1890 as they did in 1790. But the fashion in women's names change every ten or fifteen years. It is possible that the sociological New Zealander will find that the feminine key names of this century, so to speak, are about as many in number as the decades. Just what was the favorite woman's name at the very opening of the century is hard to guess off-hand, but the Listener may venture to say that the Nancy epoch was about the first worthy of record in the century.

Among the octogenarian ladies of the Listener's acquaintance the name of Nancy seems to have a very prominent place. Further on down the century came the fashion of double names—possibly a fashion revived—and we find Martha Anns, Mary Janes, and Ann Elizas in nearly every family. Perhaps this epoch would be best described as the Mary Jane epoch of our feminine nomenclature.

It is a little hard to locate these things in years, but the Listener would say, at a guess, that the Lucy epoch began about the year 1835, and was closely followed by the Helen epoch, which left the name of the beautiful daughter of Leda scattered broadcast over the country. Somewhat after the reign of Helen came the most singular, unaccountable epoch, of all, the Ella Epoch. The use of the name of Ella goes back, as closely as the Listener can locate it, to about the year 1850, though there may have been earlier examples. Where the name "Ella" came from is a mystery. The authorities put it down as a corruption of the name of Eleanor, which in its turn was corrupted from Helen.

It appears to have no recognized place either in history or fiction, though evidently it was borrowed from a fourth-rate popular novel. It is, at any rate without meaning, without associations in the past, without any other reason for existence at its beginning except that it pleased many people's fancy. Now it no doubt has an recognized existence, since beautiful and good women have borne it, and, like all other names that women ever bore, it is sanctified with that other name of mother. The real Ella epoch did not set in as early as 1850; probably it was at its height about the year 1860. People thought it so pretty! But it is sadly out of fashion now.

There was an Ida epoch that came in somewhere along there, probably just after the Ella epoch, though the two names ran pretty closely together. The name of Ida is a good and ancient one, though most of the people who took it up doubtless thought they had hit upon something quite new. Most of the Idas of the time about 1860 were named for a character in a popular story or for one another. But following the Ella and Ida period there came another girl name which attained a most extraordinary rage; the Edith epoch, indeed, survives almost to the present day. Between 1865 and 1875 about half of the girl babies were christened Edith, and the crop is ripening fast now, as a matter of course.

Look at the high school catalogues and see how they bristle with Ediths, an ancient Saxon name, and a pretty one, disused for centuries and revived all at once—a happy revival if it had not been overdone. Then came the Maud and Mabel epoch; these names have to be hyphenated, because neither ever seemed able to stand up without the other. They were a great rage in their turn. The main crop of Mauds and Mabels will hardly mature before an other five years, though the earlier sowings are ripe already. Since then we have had the Marjorie revival—an exceedingly pretty name that, and better and more English than either Maud or Mabel—and now we are threatened with a Gladys epoch.

Women of Yesterday, To-day, and To-Morrow

In politics, in religion, in society, in all the questions of life which affect women deeply, the new woman, with her political aspirations, her religious opinions, and her advanced social theories, will play a prominent though perhaps not a lovely part; but experience will show her that, in the long run, the less ambitious woman will have the best of her, and the restless, unsatisfied longings of women for a sphere of unlimited activity will work their own cure, and not only for physical but also for reasons of expediency they will see the wisdom of returning to the ways of their mothers and grandmothers. The hot fit of excitement will pass away, and reason will assert its power. The quiet joys of home, the love of husband and children, the constant thought of them and their welfare, to the absolute effacement of herself, will return with all the delight of novelty, and she will be at peace. She will have lost nothing, but gained immeasurably by the change; she will still be politically powerful—perhaps more so than when she claimed her rights. Her life will be as full of varied and intricate interests, only she will change the sphere of her action and influence from outside to her own home. The care for and thought of husband and children, hitherto relegated by her to the wet days of her former existence, will again take their place of pre-eminence, and she will willingly exchange the plaudits and vulgar applause of a crowd for the smile and the tenderness that tell her of pleasures and power until now unknown. The soft faces of her children, their fond kisses, and the little arms thrown lovingly round her neck, will be sweeter by far to her than the theories of universal brotherhood and the equality of man and woman which gave her such infinite satisfaction in the past; and one by one, the old opinions and convictions drop away, will she find that only since she renounced what then appeared to her a creed full of the purest and highest aspirations has she really learned to live, and that in striving to be all-powerful she was weak, but that in acknowledging her weakness she became strong.

FIG. 54.—No. 4658.—GIRLS' DRESS. PRICE 20 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (27 inches wide) for 5 years, 4 1-2 yards; 6 years, 4 1-8 yards; 7 years 4¾ yards; 8 years, 5 1-2 yards; 9 years, 5 5-8 yards; 10 years, 6 yards; 11 years, 6 1-4 yards; 12 years, 6 1-4 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 5 years, 3 1-4 yards; 6 years, 3 1-4 yards; 7 years, 3 1-4 yards; 8 years, 3 3-8 yards; 9 years, 3 1-2 yards; 10 years, 4 1-8 yards; 11 years, 4 1-4 yards; 12 years 4 1-4 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 5 yards of 27-inch gingham, 1-4 of a yard of tucking for yoke, and 5-8 of a yard of cambric for sleeves will be required for the medium size.

No. 4563.—GIRLS' GUIMPE. PRICE 15 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (36 inches wide) for 2 years, 7-8 of a yard; 3 years, 1 yard; 4 years, 1 1-8 yards; 5 years, 1 1-4 yards; 6 years, 1 3-8 yards; 7 years, 1 1-2 yards; 8 years, 1 5-8 yards; 9 years, 1 5-8 yards; 10 years 1 3-4 yards.

Edging, 1 yard, embroidery for yoke, 5-8 of a yard or a medium size.

FIG. 54.—The guimpe worn with this simple little frock is of plain and tucked nainsook, the latter forming the yoke, finished with a turn over collar of embroidery, and the former the full shirt sleeves, shirred to form a frill at the wrists. The dress may be of plain, plaid, or striped goods, woolen, silk, or cotton. It has a hemmed and gathered skirt and round, pleated waist, with the fullness of the pleats making a puff around the low, round neck, which, like the waist, is edged with a cord. The sleeves are merely short puffs. Pattern No. 4658, price 20 cents.

Summer Millinery.

The handkerchief hats threaten to become an epidemic. They are to be seen in every milliner's window and are said to be the correct thing for wearing with tailor gowns. To make one take your last summer's sailor and cover the crown with a gay plaid silk handkerchief or half a yard of plaid surah, then add a wing or a couple of large gold headed pins, turn the brim up against the crown in the back and you have the latest style.

For those who are tired of the flower bonnets very dainty capotes are made of crepe de Chine, matching in color the gown with which they are worn. They have soft crowns, not very full, and are finished round the brim with a narrow knife plaiting of crepe de Chine. The only trimming consists of a single large rose or some other blossom placed directly in front, and strings of velvet are added at the back.

FIG. 32.—No.4661.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of material (21 inches wide) for 30 inches, 5¼ yards ; 32 inches, 5 3-8 yards; 34 inches, 5½ yards; 36 inches, 5 1-2 yards ; 38 inches, 5 7-8 yards; 40 inches 5 7-8 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 2½ yards; 32 inches, 2 5-8 yards; 34 inches, 2 3-4 yards; 36 inches, 2 3-4 yards; 38 inches, 3 yards; 40 inches, 3 yards.

For medium size, 2 5-8 yards of lace, 1 piece of narrow velvet, and 2 1-8 yards of wider ribbon velvet for the sleeves, V, and collar, will be required.

No. 4662.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 22, 24, 26 inches, 12 5-8 yards; 28 inches, 13 yards; 30, 32 inches 13 1-2 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 22, 24, 26 inches, 6 1-2 yards ; 28 inches, 6 3-4 yards 30, 32 inches, 7 yards.

For the medium size, 6 yards of lace, and for each size 4 yards of ribbon velvet will be required.

FIG. 32.— Basque Pattern No. 4661, price 25 cents, is taken for this design, which is represented in plain and figured India silk, lace, and velvet ribbon. The latter is used as a rosette trimming chiefly, and the lace forms cuffs, jacket border, skirt finish continuing up the sides toward the back, and a V in the back. The basque has a knife-pleating of plain silk as wrist frills, and edges the jacket front, continuing down to the waist-line as a border to the lace and velvet V. A plastron of the plain silk is shirred at the waist-line and gathered at the collar. The sleeves are very full at the top and close at the wrists. The skirt is taken from Pattern No. 4662, price 30 cents, and consists of four double box-pleats, held by velvet rosettes and bordered by a silk knife-pleating and row of lace, which are carried up the back over a full back width edged on the bottom with the same. The design is appropriate for fine woolen goods as well.

A Hammer and a Saw.

BY KATE THORN.

It never hurts a woman to know how to handle a saw, a hammer, or a screw-driver, and she would often be spared untold perplexity and trouble, if she were an expert in their use.

It is a notorious fact that men, as a class, do not like to attend to little jobs around a house. It seems to be contrary to their general make-up "to see to that knob on that door," and "the fastening on that window," at the time when it is necessary it should be done.

And if you are of an observant disposition, it is astonishing, as well as amusing, to notice the great variety of excuses a man has in stock with which he justifies himself for his neglect.

Anything to get rid of doing jobs.

Some time, away off in the vague and uncertain future, the good man expects to be able to find time, ample time, to attend to everything which is out of order ; but not now—there are too many other things on hand.

But the woman whose mop-handle has given out, or whose closet door declines to shut, wants the evil remedied right off, and she sees no reason why it should not be.

If the man who is always ready to postpone the doing of needed chores until next week, or next month—when he expects he will have time, and be in the mood for such work—if he should come in with his collar-band "busted," or a suspender button off, he would be horrified if his wife should keep right on reading the newspaper, and tell him that she would see to it some time next week. But, then, that is the difference between the average man and woman.

Now, if a woman knows how to use a few simple carpentry tools, she can be in a great measure independent.

We do not want anybody to understand that we think a woman should be expected to do the work which properly belongs to her husband—not at all ; but when he cannot, and will not be made to do his duty, it is a satisfaction to that woman to know that she can do it herself.

About every house, no matter how well regulated there is always something getting out of order. The doors will stick, the latches will refuse to "catch," the cupboard shelves will warp, the curtain fixtures will come down, the hoop will come off from the sugar-bucket, there will be sticks of wood too long for the stove—just the kind of sticks that we most needed, too; the handle will come off from the gridiron, and there will be mountains of household vexations, which a hammer, a saw, a screw-driver, in skillful hands, could quickly remedy.

There is no reason in the world why a woman cannot drive a nail as well as a man! And not strike her thumb, and say big words, in doing it, either.

There is no reason why she cannot turn in a screw, or bore a hole, or saw off a stick, if she has need to do so.

And it will not injure her refinement, or tarnish her delicacy in the least.

There are numberless jobs about a house for which a professional is commonly called in, at an expense entirely disproportionate to the amount of labor performed, and after he is gone, it takes the woman of the house all the afternoon to clear up after him.

There are many of these light repairs that she could do herself, if she would take the pains to learn the use of the saw and the hammer, and the money would be saved, the delay of waiting for a workman would be avoided—for they always do make you wait—and she would feel in cases of emergency she would depend on herself.

And when her husband saw that she did not need any of his help, he would be a great deal more willing to give it to her, for the general principle prevails all over the world that what we do not need everybody is delighted to give us. And when it is known that we are quite capable of taking care of ourselves, all creation will be eager to help us to do it.

French Women.

A multitude of observers have noticed a vast difference in character between the Frenchman and Frenchwoman. So little does this difference appear to be related to the common distinctions of sex that it has often been said that in France the woman is the man and the man the woman. Making allowance for absurd exaggeration, there is something to support the paradox. It is the disposition of the average Frenchwoman to take life much more seriously than the average Frenchman ; to realize and accept its obligations and duties in a nobler spirit of self-sacrifice and courageous endeavour. Women of perverse nature, and whom society has spoilt, still represent but a small minority of their sex in France. The majority, of whom the world knows very little and cares to know little, because they belong to the humdrum level of humanity, are endowed with admirable qualities for fighting the battle of life. As married women, they fight this battle so well that in numberless instances their clearsightedness, economy, and energy have saved their families from ruin. Their capacity for business and every kind of industry suited to their physical strength has without doubt caused a great deal to be expected of them which they might have escaped had they been otherwise constituted. Thus the wives of small tradesmen very frequently do all the book-keeping in addition to their household duties ; the wives of peasants work in the fields from sunrise to nightfall ; and the wife of a mechanic, or town labourer, is expected to bring nearly as much money as himself to the house by dressmaking, artificial flower-making, charing, or some other occupation. But this is not all. It is upon his wife that the town workman relies when he is out of employment. With all women solicitude for their children is the great incentive to exertion. The Paris workman often profits by this law of nature, and he would probably be worse off if he had no family. It is no rare thing for a French beggar to urge as a reason for helping him that he has no wife to rely upon when he is out of employment.

FIG. 30.—No. 4657.—YOUNG LADIES' GRADUATING DRESS. PRICE 30 cents.

Quantity of Material (36 inches wide) for 28 inches, 6⅞ yards ; 30 inches; 7⅜ yards ; 32, 34, 36 inches, 7½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for

28 inches, 6¼ yards; 30 inches, 6⅝ yards; 32 inches, 6 3-8 yards; 34 inches, 6½ yards, 36 inches, 6¾ yards.

1 yards of wide ribbon, 13½ yards of narrow ribbon, or 12 yards of lace insertion will be required for the medium size.

FIG 30.—A charming dress for a "sweet girl graduate" is shown in this design of China silk, crepon, veiling, or nanisook. China silk is represented, with a garniture of gros-grain ribbon and a large pearl buckle. The full skirt is trimmed with several rows of ribbon, the bodice laces in the back, with the front shirred to represent a pointed yoke above a fullness from the arm-sizes and sides, drawn in front under a large pearl buckle. Ribbons from the side seams tie in the back and a narrow ribbon finishes the slightly V-shaped neck. The sleeves are gathered at the top to form two erect ruffles, and again above the elbow; the cuffs are trimmed with rows of ribbon below a short puff. Pattern No.4657, price 30 cents.

Making Over Dresses.

Almost any dress made within the last two or three years can be made over in the simple styles now in vogue with straight skirts and trimmed bodices. For instance, the plaited skirts of woolen gowns, if faded can be turned, and their voluminous breadth will furnish ample material for an English skirt with plain fronts and sides and plaited back, and also for full sleeves. If this skirt is too short for the present elongated breadths it can be lengthened by adding a border of striped, plaid or spotted wool, or else a bias fold of silk four inches wide, lined with crinoline, can be set below the edge and simply stitched on—a fashion seen on many of the new English gowns.

Another plan is to trim the skirt with three or four rows of velvet ribbon of graduated widths, the lowest row three inches wide, falling below the edge of the skirt and lengthening it. Should the skirt be long enough, but frayed at the edges, a binding of thick watered ribbon three inches wide will freshen it and give "character" to the plain skirt. The foundation skirt, after having the bustle and steels removed, should be faced with the material of the dress, or with that added to lengthen it.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

—Written for Ladies' Journal.

UPS AND DOWNS.

A CANADIAN STORY.

BY MISS L. A. H.

"*Globe, Telegraph*, or *Leader*, yo ho," sang out a shrill, childish voice one cold March evening. The biting wind, sweeping round one of Toronto's most busy corners carried the news boy's cheery announcement till it met with a counter call, as if an echo of the first. Again and again he shouts his literary ware with increasing vim, for it is getting late, and his chances less. At last he makes a sale.

A lady, heavily draped in mourning, yet, chatting pleasantly to the gentleman by her side, stopped, and looked for a moment at the shivering figure with a bundle of papers under its arm.

The boy reached eagerly forward—"Paper M'a'm," the lady turned to her husband.

"Neil, buy a paper from the little fellow, he appears no older than Ned would be," she added in low tender tones.

Her husband advanced and purchased the bundle of some ten papers from the boy, who raised a bewildered face to that of his customer when the gentleman smilingly selecting one handed back the remainder and met with an unexpected rebuff. The shabbily dressed news-vender drew back from the proferred hand and with an indignant, yet childish gesture, pushed up the one eared cap saying. "I never take a setting up, sir," disappeared down Yonge Street, leaving our two generous friends objects of amusing sympathy to a crowd of street arabs. Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan continued on their way to the hotel, still talking of their recent encounter with one of Toronto's riff-raff, and yet, if "the child be father to the man," self-reliance, the key to success asserted itself in the tone and words that would not have "something for nothing."

As they opened the door of their rooms, a perfect Babel of noise welcomed them from the center of the floor, where stood a rocker-cot holding two little figures, their faces coming in too frequent contact by the efforts of a little boy of five years who rocked the harder in the vain hope of stilling the tempest. The mother's presence and a number of superfluous papers restored peace and quietness.

Perhaps 'tis the spirit of the future makes one little pair of hands preserve intact the newsy sheets, whilst the others ruthlessly destroy them.

Neil Sheridan had brought his wife and family to the City, whilst looking after the situation which was their main dependence. The government had given him a rich thing in the position of a surveyor for the new district of the wide North West. But even in the most upright of governments corruption will worm in its slimy length, so by some wire pulling Mr Sheridan was being thrown out for a relative of the chief office-giver and a professed friend of his own. Coming as it did after the sudden death of his eldest child, it seemed as if heaven and earth were leagued against him. Just as eight years ago to-day these same railed-at powers shone in a different light which should have reminded a less reasonable man of the old saying about making our own world. Then he stood before the altar with Louise O'Kelly's hand in his, promising to cherish it for good or ill.

It was an easy bond to keep, his winsome young bride bringing as a dower a tender, womanly heart that never failed him. Many a keen-edged sneer her proud sisters cast at the penniless man she chose for a husband. The eldest, Hannah, remarking, "he was not a man likely to increase his coppers to dollars but rather reduce them to farthings." She was near the mark, but though love's eyes as usual were short-sighted the young sister knew that if there were weak points there were also strong ones which made her dear one an honest man.

So on her wedding day there were none to wish her "God-speed" on her unknown journey but her brother Nicholas, the fossilized business man, who unexpectedly displayed feelings in common with humanity and winding his arm around the white robed figure, kissed the trembling lips whispering, "Good-bye, Louise, always remember you have brother Nick if anything goes wrong, for, rest assured, you and yours will never be forgotten." Then her husband claimed her as his own. Since then their lot had been a happy one, with a small bank account as her sister predicted, yet, mayhap it but drew them more closely together; now it seems as if "Dame Fortune" grudged them their long standing contentment and wished to withdraw it for a less deserving favorite.

They are on the brink of poverty's cruel depths with their three remaining children, Myles and the twin babies—the latter the petted darlings of their parents and a constant worry to Miles as to which was the "other one." They are the miniature Neil and Louise Sheridan. We leave them with the mother fondly bending over them interested in every dimple of their fat little hands, yet true to a woman's character of bearing a double burden by hiding *her* grief to lighten that of her husband's.

Before turning down the page we must see what became of a small face that fearlessly met the blasts of the same hard winter night. Turning off Yonge to a side street, the child soon found himself in front of a dilapidated terrace. From one of the windows hangs the well known sign, "fashionable dress and mantle making," in pitiful sarcasm to the throngs of ill-clad and still more ill-made garments of the women who patronized the establishment. He opened the door and running up the rickety stairs almost tumbled at the feet of a woman who was trying to put a "few more stitches" with the last gleams of light.

Needle and thread were dropped, and her tired face brightened as she listened to his eager story of the beautiful lady with warm furs, and the rich man who bought up all his papers. And he counted his meagre coppers into his mother's lap, with glistening eyes.

"My boy, must not be too fond of money," passing her thin hand lovingly over his bonnie locks that to her rivaled the gold that would buy him bread.

Edgar Atheling and his mother had been left to care for themselves since he lay a helpless infant in her arms by the grave of her husband in far off India. She had wandered back to England and from thence to Toronto, and we find her doing the plain sewing for the Misses Tompkins, with Edgar selling papers and earning occasionally silver pieces for taking home dresses to Misses Tompkins' customers, "as it was not genteel for them to be seen carrying parcels."

Childlike he paints bright pictures of growing up to a big man, making piles of money and his mother living like a princess. And she encourages him on in his extravagant plans for she knows that time will only too surely pull down his sky-tipped castles. Meanwhile she is imparting to him her rather good stock of knowledge acquired as a village school-teacher. And as there is no more a royal road to riches, than its half sister learning, poor Edgar's feet will have many a stone-bruise despite his mother's love and his own brave spirit.

CHAPTER II.

"Time and tide wait for no man," so that twenty years have gone by in our story as in our own life, marking its passage with smiles and tears, leaving us doubtful whether we would live them all over again were some obliging magician ready to touch us with his retrograding wand. Whatever the change in material things time is the same, and we find ourselves on another evening again on the streets of Toronto.

This is a warm one and instead of a few frost bitten citizens hurrying to their homes, a thronging multitude with bright, eager expectant faces crowd the streets.

It is the twenty-eighth of June, 1885, and Toronto's brave soldier boys are coming home to-night, coming home with the laurels of victory on their brows after stamping out the fires of rebellion for the second time kindled by Louis Riel.

The city is out *en masse* to welcome them back as if heroes from Waterloo. To some the occasion is as sad as was the home-coming of the scarred and battered veterans of that famous field, for blood gushes as freely from the wound of the wild Indian's knife as from the bayonet thrust of Napoleon.

A little out of the dense crowd stands a wheeling chair surrounded by two ladies and five gentlemen. The occupant seems to enjoy his comfort, though gained by being a cripple. He is about forty, fair and florid, the happy possessor of one of those genial countenances which impel a stranger to offer his hand, sure of a warm "shake," not one of those limp pressures of the finger tips as if fearing contamination. George Fraser had met with a terrible accident when general manager of a Nova Scotia railroad whilst saving a poor brakesman's life, an accident which cost him both lower limbs. He only once regretted the loss of his splendid physical strength, when waiting the first visit of his promised wife. But *when* she came, all smiles and tears, brightening up the dull hospital ward and with her sweet face very close to his whispered, "you must hurry up and get well for I am impatient to have a hero for a husband," he thought of the promise of a good deed being rewarded even in this world and he surely was not kept waiting long.

In course of time he and his Jessie left Halifax for Toronto where they built their beautiful home. "Al loway," overlooking one of Rosedale's lovely ravines.

The before mentioned group appeared to be enjoying themselves by that uncharitable but pleasant pastime of laughing at and "picking to pieces" the looks and actions of their neighbours.

"Look, Mrs. Morrey," said Lolly Langtry, addressing a pretty little lady, all dimples and perfume, "at the savage glances that woman in the red shawl is firing on you for occupying the only seat in the block, and she so much older and better looking"—the last in lower tones as if forced to tell the truth no matter how disagreeable.

A withering look was all she would deign to answer, and turning to her husband, a man with a peculiarly quiet air, asked.

"John, why did you constitute yourself my protector and yet stand with a far away look in your eyes whilst your wife is being insulted?"

This tirade was delivered in the most dulcet of voices and the most ludicrous attempt at an injured air.

"I was thinking," began John Morrey, when he was interrupted by a chorus of "of course."

"Of a new patent for supplying seats to the foot sore and wearying citizens at the next demonstration," suggested Arthur Kavanah.

"Or to keep half the people away, giving double the space," laughed Lolly, as he was almost borne off his feet by the increasing crowd.

"Beginning with yourself, Mr. Langtry," said Mrs. Morrey with the air of one who has paid off a score.

"Yes, granted the curious half be allowek to come the lovely ladies," taking in with a sweepiug bow the red shawl.

Whilst the little lady and master Lolly were skermishing, Mrs. Fraser was asking Beverleigh Romayne a distinguished looking man bearing a strong resemblance to the late tragedian McCullough, if he had noticed Louise Sheridan in the crown.

"Perhaps she is too fatigued after yesterday," remarked Arthur Kavanagh.

"I would not wonder if she were, after training so many bothersome girls to as near perfection as possible," chirped the silly but really kind-hearted Mrs. Morrey."

"Was the success due to your young friend's efforts, Mrs. Fraser?" came in Beverleigh Romayne's soft carressing voice.

"Yes," answered Lolly, "and it is strange you missed anything that had to do with Miss Louise Sheridan."

The saucy fellow only got a steady look and quiet smile. "That always settles me," he whispers in Mrs. Morrey's pink ears.

"How fortunate a young lady to have so many friends," put in Arthur Kavanagh.

"Not omitting the parchment-hearted criminal lawyer," answered the irrepresible Lolly.

"Speaking of angels; there is Louise," said George Fraser, "leaning against a tree, with her usual escorts, little Pat and the redoubtable Pluto."

"Oh! I'm getting tired," grumbled Mrs. Morrey, "and all my martial spirit is slowly oozing away with this terrible heat."

But at this moment there came a distant sound from North Toronto. Then from lip to lip passed the magic words, "They are coming!" and the long tired watchers, forgetting their weariness, were all brightness and animation.

A right joyous looking city it was with its arches and banners and glad faces to welcome her faithful defenders of our young Dominion. Along they come with colors flying and drums beating, but the "Home, sweet Home," is drowned in cheer after cheer that thrills the air and the hearts of the new comers, their tattered uniforms grimy with sand, their heads ornamented with hats of every description replacing the gay headgear they marched away under.

As the stalwart Grenadiers came tramping along, Louise Sheridan's pale face flushed as she leaned eagerly forward to catch the eye of one soldier. She had lifted the curly headed child in her arms and at that instant the brother's and sister's eyes met by the subtle electrical current that draws those we love among a thousand, and little Pat clasps his hands and cries, "Oh! Neil!" the big black dog at her feet yelps a welcome. He is passed and the girl tries to answer the numberless questions of the child but she cannot see him with the blinding tears that will come and that makes little Pat say,

"What oo' kyer for 'Oowise? Is 'oo sorry Neil is back?"

"No, little one," she whispers. "'tis because I am so glad."

But this paradoxical logic is too much for his childish brain and he gets sleepy and "wants to go home."

CHAPTER III.

After turning many a corner the girl and her little brother arrived at a short and not bad looking street but with the inevitable "to-let" stamped on its face. Unlocking the door she passed in to the place she called home, containing six apartments. To reside on a respectable street Louise had to speculate on gentility by subletting half of her small house. To the right she entered what she had laughingly styled the "Star Chambers," the landlord being guilty of ornamenting the ceiling with a huge star in stucco work. Stepping to a tiny cot she placed her sleeping burden, then dons a large white protector to her "best dress" preparatory to serving up the feast for the conquering hero.

Do you care to know, my reader, what this Louise Sheridan is like, as she turns to cast a mindful glance at her little one? Your first glimpse of her was when she lay in the cradle with her twin brother Neil. But at that period of life all babies have an indefinite appearance, at least to us dull visitors, though I presume the rapturous mother discerns hidden charms in their round red little faces, which are not in her neighbour's offspring.

Just twenty springs passing over that baby head have wrought splendid results in body and mind. Tall and straight, with an appearance of muscular strength betokening a love for calisthenics, yet not lacking that slim gracefulness which pleases us in women. But would men so rave over the "divine forms" of their 'divinities' if there were no golden hair, azure eyes, and so forth surmounting so much grace! So with Louise Sheridan. She is no decapitated beauty, though not a Langtry which perhaps is as well if her eyes be the index of her soul. Her face has one mark of beauty, being a perfect heart-shape thereby giving plenty of scope to the intellect. 'Tis without color

save a little bright red curved line (drawn by a Master Hand), which parts at times into a rare sweet womanly smile, as two large, earnest, Irish gray eyes light up and looking straight into yours warm every drop of blood in your heart, then long dark lashes curtain those clear windows as if to shade them from the idle passer by. Crowning all is an abundance of shining, black hair with an obstinate little twist which will insist in breaking loose from the soft coil, but as my friends of the patient sex are aware, to have rumpled hair is fashionable. Now, that you have a faithful word-picture of Louise Sheridan, I leave her with her thoughts, words and actions, in your hands, kind readers, as to so many jury men, asking you to deal leniently with her as she is my only friend, and would hope for a favorable verdict.

CHAPTER IV.

Meanwhile a dainty supper is being spread with all that can please the eye or tempt the palate of one whose bill of fare for the last few months has been black coffee and hard tack.

Just as Louise is giving the "finishing touch" to a dish of strawberries by pouring rich country cream over the blood red fruit, big black Pluto, who has been knowingly watching his young mistress, gives the alarm.

The next moment the door is opened with a rush, and Neil's arm is around her as he bends his bronzed face for the "kiss of welcome home." Entering at the same time is a younger brother, Philip, a quiet, dark lad of eighteen.

He had gone down to where the troops disbanded and but for the warm firm hand clasp he met his brother with, an observer would have thought it mattered little to him. His cool, calm manner had long ago caused Neil to dub him the Englishman.

After pulling Pluto's tail, stepping on his front paws, and otherwise almost setting the delighted dog mad with excitement, Neil darted into where litttle Pat lay, kissed and tossing him on his shoulders, bore him triumphantly to the table where the little family were soon sitting around.

How he dilated on the "horrors of war," the bloodthirsty Indians and the heroism of the leader of their detachment at famous "Batoche." Neil Sheridan was not a vain boaster, for it was not of personal feats he spoke, though he might be pardoned with a sister like his drinking in all his words.

And yet many a brave act was recorded in the hearts of his companions for "dare-devil" Sheridan, which often is more lasting than if emblazoned in the large type of a daily newspaper to be forgotten as soon as read.

"It is jolly to be home again," he is saying for about the twentieth time as he strokes little Pat's curls, who has climbed up on his big brother's knee to complete his meal.

"But, I say. Louise, I have been talking too much about my own "sweet self." How are your friends at 'Alloway' House?"

Her face brightens. "They have all been so kind using their influence in procuring me several new engagements, and, Neil," she adds laying a slender white hand on his strong brown one, "you will help me, for this being Myles' closing year the expenses are more."

"You may rely on *me*, sister mine, I will fairly roll in the gold after such discipline."

"Sister mine" smiles rather dubiously at his extravagant promises, whilst the reserved Philip merely closes his firm mouth closer and mentally dots up how much more of his salary will fill the complement of Louise's economy, to board Neil and occasionally get him out of some fresh "scrape."

Philip is an exact counterpart of his uncle Nicholas. A diamond setter by trade, cautious, unusually keen for his age and is not easily deceived by his brother's fair pledges, but he is deeply fond of his sister and for her sake tolerates the dark sheep of the family.

That night as Louise taught little Pat his simple prayers, ending with a petition "to grow up a good man like his papa was," a wearied look crept in her face as she thought of her other self, her twin brother, so fondly loved, taught from childhood by her gentle mother, that very same prayer, and yet how far below that moral standard he had stepped.

Neil was a really skillful draughtsman and averaged about two weeks in the year, and the remainder was spent in chance situations easily obtained by his affable manners and as easily lost.

He had a host of wild companions (such as Toronto can readily supply) at his heels, eager for fun of the most riotous kind, and among his many devices for furnishing amusement to his lawless was the gift of ventriloquism.

By an old freak of nature the brother and sister entered into this world with voices which if properly utilized could be stepping stones to success.

But the well-defined profile of the statue never shows so well as against the black ground, so we must have contrasting people or the delicate lines of character would become merged in one another, losing individuality and therefore interest. Louise had so cultivated her flexible voice that she had become one of the best elocutionists in Canada.

When quite a child she had been to a recital of Mrs. Scott-Siddons and her sensitive ears drank in the rich sweet tones of that wondrously gifted woman, and as external charms are felt as quickly by children as their elders, the grace and beauty left a lasting impression. After a great deal of work and still more disappointments Louise was now in a fair way to obtaining that indispensable thing—money.

What with debts contracted during her father's life time, added to huge medical accounts that with all their drugs could not save her mother's precious life, then came putting Myles through a theological course with no prospect of material return.

She rose from her chair and paced up and down the narrow room that looked pitiable in its efforts to conceal the protruding poverty. Her steps quickened and her young face hardened as she thought of those rich cousins who spent more on a seaside dress than would buy a month's bread for her little family, "and 'tis ours by right," she muttered. "Did not my mother often tell me of Uncle Nick's last words on her wedding day, and she said his word was as good as another man's oath. Oh, if my father had not been so foolishly proud, we might have been spared a life of struggle, but he would not have the O'Kelly's know his family needed that which he could not give. But some day I will go, not to beg, but to demand."

Small wonder the tired head of the girl tossed restlessly on the pillow, as in dreams the mind magnified cares that strong judgment might have grappled with when awake.

CHAPTER V.

Four o' clock the succeeding day might be seen a number of carriages driving to a square red brick building on College street, for it is commencement day at Lord Brawn's Academy for young ladies.

Richly dressed mamas and portly papas are there in force to witness the crowning of their "Angelinas and Violets" as sweet girl graduates. How they rustled about with that satisfied air which said to one another, "are we not fortunate who can have our dear girls breathing such aristocratic atmosphere, (though their mental organs fail to thrive on such air).

The fine hall is crowded and the young ladies as they filed out on the stage, making their well-trained obeisance received a mild applause from the few dudish young men, favored with an invitation as quite harmless.

All went smoothly as weeks of preparation deserved, and then came the interesting feature of the programme, at least to Louise Sheridan. The simultaneous recitation of "Jane Conquest" by the elocution class. She had glided in unnoticed and breathlessly waited, for it meant a re-engagement if it proved a success.

Twenty-four girls in the stereotype white with a fair amount of ability told the thrilling story of the brave sailor wife. It was rather weak at first, but the girls gathered courage as they went on and finished with great *eclat*.

One and all had discovered their young teacher and stole many a furtive glance for her opinion, especially the girl who was the centre of attraction as the recognized beauty of the school, not even looking at her father's coffers or her mother's pedigree.

Zita Heatherleigh was the typical lovely English girl with that clear Canadian accent which permits no affectation to supersede grammar. An only child she would have been "spoiled" but her innate nobility of mind surpassed her mother's taunted one of birth.

When the girlish teacher first undertook the class she met with indifference, and, more scathing still, condescension, but from Zita Heatherleigh, respect for her authority. Though Louise did not appear to notice, but worked till she gained complete control, not bending one inch as a true knight of labor rating her work per cent. with their money, yet she thanked in her heart the loyal girl who helped to lighten the work.

Soon every pupil is surrounded by her friends with perhaps the last genuine smile of pleasure on their lips, as they exhibit their prizes. But by far the largest group is where Zita Heatherleigh stands, her high-bred mother jubilant over her darling's achievements whilst the rich old banker smiles kindly over his gold rimmed glasses and wishes she had a brother to go to his closing.

Near Zita is a young man who appears on easy terms with the family. He is holding the lately won honors and remarking on the strange subjects she had taken them for, Euclid, English Grammar and Canadian History.

"I would imagine for a young lady literature, mythology or elocution would be less masculine."

Without a word of explanation Zita left the circle to appear with her arm through Louise Sheridan's and drawing the reluctant girl up to her mother introduced her as one of her best friends."

Mrs. Heatherleigh smiled and reaching a delicately gloved hand said, "she was pleased to meet any friend of her daughter's," and sweetly, "Had she too graduated to-day?"

Surrounded as she was by the very elite of the city the girl only raised the well poised head a trifle higher as she answered, "No, Madam, I finished two years ago at Clover Hill, I am here only as the elocution teacher."

Zita saw her mother's friendly smile changing its character, and being keenly sensitive she hastily turned to the young man who was intently watching the slim figure in the simple robe, and who fearlessly defined her position and raised her self-respect.

"Miss Sheridan, Mr. Atheling." An inclination of two heads, two mental surveys. We know what he saw, and she, a well-proportioned man with a full brown beard.

After the usual lucid remarks strangers make, the conversation turned on yesterday's arrival from the Northwest.

"We have reason to be proud of our country's defenders," Mr. Atheling was saying. "At least in appearances."

"Why appearances only? That seems to me of little account if they lacked action?"

"You are partially right, Miss Sheridan, though I wonder at a young lady ignoring the ideal military figure."

She shot a side-long glance (which was not lost on him) and thought "he must be a coxcomb and innadely proud of his own well knit one," and her lips curled as she retorted. "'Tis not the aim strikes the blow but the brave heart behind it."

Perhaps twas that conscious glance of his, caused the quick little nod and her vanishment.

Crossing over to Zita Heatherleigh's party he was welcomed, this white-haired boy of society by a number of fascinating young ladies with corresponding smiles, but, taking Zita's wraps on one arm, and her own dainty self on the other set off.

A fine old home of brown stone was banker Heatherleigh's on Toronto's fifth avenue, Jarvis street. Right proud of his palatial residence, was the hard but honest old man.

Many a night he burnt the mid-night oil dotting up endless columns of figures, till his brain, if laid open, would doubtlessly resemble a multiplication table with interest on the whole. And as he slowly kept pace with his elegant wife in the wake of the two young people he is startled by "Francis, do you not think he would suit?"

"Eh! what, Johnson?"

"Whom?"

"Yes, he has been a faithful fellow and should be encouraged by promotion."

"Mr. Heatherleigh, I wish you would remember you are not consulting your foreman as to the merits of your clerk, but conversing with your wife."

"Well, well, my dear, what was it you were saying about somebody suiting something?"

Somewhat mollified she explained in her grandwise style.

"I was remarking would not Edgar do for Zita?"

"Do for Zita?" he repeats gazing bewilderedly at his wife.

"Yes; is he not good enough?"

"Oh, for a husband you mean?"

"Of course, what else, how stupid you can be," she answered crossly.

"Not stupid, my dear," he returned in a strikingly quiet voice, "but too fond of our only child to give her to a stranger on her first day from school."

Now Mrs. Heatherleigh was passionately devoted to her pretty daughter, and to have her matter-of-fact husband, who rarely interfered in her plans, insinuate a want of affection on her part, so annoyed her, she hardly recovered the use of speech the entire evening.

But it had its effect in setting the shrewd old banker a thinking, as he watched Zita and Edgar amusing themselves in the spacious drawing-room, two ornaments by which nature far outshone art.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Table Manners.

An important thing in a child's training is its table manners. Yet, important as education in the proper mode of conducting one's self at table is, it often receives very little attention. Many mothers banish the little ones to the nursery, and to the care of a nurse. From the latter they receive their tuition—in behavior at table as well as other things. This, to my mind, is all wrong. Is a person who is interested in her charges simply to the extent of her wages and who knows nothing of motherly instincts and feelings capable of guiding the little ones' manners?

Take the baby from the nursery, mothers, when old enough to sit alone in its little high chair, and place it by your side at the table. Then with firmness and gentleness combined begin its education in table manners. Children, as a rule, are very observant and they will soon learn to do as their elders do, so if you wish your little ones to be mannerly you must set the example yourself. Never ask for a thing without a "please," and never accept without a "thankyou." It will not be long before baby will do as you do. Another thing—do not keep company manners to be aired on certain occasions, for if you do your little ones will soon detect the difference. Besides, it seems to me that those we love should have the best we can give—manners included.

When furnishing a home, do not neglect to purchase pictures. They serve to recall pleasant memories and scenes, and when hung to harmonize with the furniture and in keeping with the use of the room, they are highly ornamental. Buy good ones, or none.

The importance of letting the sunlight fall into all parts of our dwelling cannot be to highly estimated. Good health is dependent on sunlight and pure air. An eminent physician has said: Sunlight should never be excluded except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes.

The Ladies' Journal,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, ETC.

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REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

The tastes and wishes of all will be found supplied in this issue, upon reviewing the immense assortment before its subscribers. Whether you are going to the sea-shore, mountains, country, or yachting, you will find suitable information in regard to the important point of dress contained within these pages, as well as descriptions of walking, cotton, and reception gowns, millinery, lingerie, the new fads in trimmings, hints in regard to dressing children, fancy work, and a host of useful and ornamental ideas.

The genuine wash silks make neat afternoon dresses, with a yoke and cuffs of heavy open guipure lace, and touches here and there of velvet ribbon. Lawns, organdies, and French batistes are made up over silk, which matches the color of the flower prominent in the lawn, and trimmed with Mechlin or Valenciennes lace.

An original dress is a dark but bright blue muslin, printed all over with natural-sized marguerites, and and made up over a yellow silk foundation, which asserts itself. The bodice and skirt are all in one; the bodice fastens, as many of the new bodices do now, at the back. Round the skirt is a flounce of the muslin, edged with black lace. There are an infinity of runners at the waist, and long pendants of black ribbon velvet hang from the shoulders of the sleeves, high fastened with ordinary mother-of pearl buttons at the wrist. The bows stand up well on the shoulders, and there are loops of same at the waist.

A new wedding-dress is made of peau de cygne, which is a make of white silk softer and more pliable than peau de soie. The skirt, which has a long train, is made with three flat panels, not fastened down, which fall over an underskirt, and between each panel is a row *en echelle* of five bouquets of orange blossoms, mixed with white ribbon; bodice with plastron made of gauze arranged in pleats, but not fastened down; tulle veil and orange-flower wreath.

Dainty gowns of gray cashmere or crepon are combined with Bengaline or faille, and steel or gold gimp, the silk answering for the yoke, back and front, collar and full sleeves, with an edging of narrow gimp on on the collar, yoke, and cuffs. The dartless bodice and round skirt are of the woolen material. A reception dress of black silk brocaded with green leaves is cut in princess style, with immense sleeves of green silk, and belt, collar, and cuffs of fine jet passementerie; from the belt depend long strands of beads covering the front of the skirt.

The tea-gowns are all of the soft draping designs, until now associated with women of the East. One gown, in the deep, old-fashioned pink, a mixture of cashmere and crepe de Chine, has the back and front of the bodice entirely composed of white muslin guipure; wing-like ends of cashmere fall from the shoulders at the back to the hem, the fine crepe de Chine falling softly in front of the skirt. The sleeves—large and ample—are made after the order of the choir-boys' sleeves, only more closely pleated on the shoulders.

A lovely tea-gown in maize silk has the back widths opened to admit of an insertion of the most delicate shade of lilac silk, and has the front of fine black lace over lilac, with a ruche of ostrich feathers, in maize, and lilac, going up and down, and round the high collar. The long, tight sleeves of lilac are partly covered with black lace, which is arranged over the top of the arm, gathered up, and then allowed to fall in long, graceful folds on each side of the train. To a tall, slender figure, nothing could be more becoming, and the combination of shades is exquisite.

Long, round apron fronts are being slowly revived, the skirt beneath contrasting or matching in material We are told that skirts will soon have two gores on each side. Silk skirts are now made up in this style by exclusive modistes, with a cording up each seam and at the foot. The long drapery leaves the sides entirely exposed, and is cut in deep points on the lower edge.

For *fete* gowns some fancy woolen brocades will be arranged with silk. One pretty model is a wollen brocade in old-pink and serpent-green shades, very simply draped, with full, gigot sleeves of soft-toned green silk; silk in deep points brought down the bodice from each armhole, and flanking the folds of the brocade, points of silk trimming the edge of the skirt in front. The points are all curved on one side in a peculiar way.

Odd waists of black surah are trimmed with a black lace ruffle, starting from the belt and continuing around the shoulders. When something brighter is wished gold gimp is added to the collar and wristbands. Black lace waists, for wearing with silk or lace skirts are full on the shoulders, shirred or fitted with pleats at the waist-line, striped and trimmed with satin ribbon. India silk and tartan silk waists are prettily trimmed with velvet ribbon, and transform a plain dress into quite a jaunty affair.

Jacket-fronts are prominent, whether cut round or square. Full fronts to bodices are universal. Yoke effects are liked. Blouses of every color and style are fashionable and comfortable, and seldom it is that fashion and comfort go hand-in-hand. Welting cords on basque edges are occasionally seen. Coat-tail backs and bluntly pointed fronts abound.

Shirts or waistcoats are of striped or figured pique or percale, have shirt-sleeves finished with a buttoned cuff, high collar, and pleated bosom They are worn with a four-in-hand tie and a cutaway jacket. Pinked ruffles are worn on underskirts, when the drapery is lifted high on one side, as often occurs.

Traveling blouses of dark plaid surah have a rolled collar, shirt sleeves, yoke back, and full front confined by shirring-strings run in a casing at the waist-line. An outside breast pocket holds a dainty handkerchief. Spanish jackets of velvet, tinsel, and jet are worn over black silk or net house dresses.

In France they are wearing guimpes and undersleeves of nainsook with silk and cotton dresses. Thin gowns are made with a shirred round, or pointed yoke. Many of the basques and waists seem to be worn over the yoke; but, in reality, they are both over one lining, which is still fitted with the usual seams and darts, although the outside fabrics take many fantastic forms.

Plain and bordered canvas dresses are again prepared for the seaside. Polonaise dresses are simply princesse gowns, having the lapped Russian front, under a pointed belt of velvet like the high collar and cuffs. The lining skirt is of taffeta silk finished with two pinked frills, and shows as the front blows open. The back may be in one piece, or cut off at the waist line, and a full width gathered on. Such suits may be recommended for early fall traveling, as the style is hardly here yet.

Wrinkles On Summer Cookery.

Why have so many hot dishes in the heat of summer, when cold viands would be more agreeable, and, indeed, more beneficial to every one's health? In numbers of small households, where economy has to be practised, a hot joint once or twice a week is a hard-and-fast rule, and on the alternate days the remains of the meat is either eaten cold and unappetisingly plain, or perhaps hashed or minced. This lack of variety is by no means necessary, for even in quite small establishments, with very little expense and trouble, the unlovely cold joint, of which every one is tired, can be transformed into several tempting summer dishes.

It is too evident in England that we do not sufficiently consider the importance of change of diet, and the various ways in which vegetables can be utilized. In France or Germany, even in the poorest peasants' homes, you would seldom see the principal meal of the day served without a salad of some kind, or a dish of well-cooked vdgetables. We should be wise to take a hint from them. In the following suggestions for cold dishes I have given only those that can be easily made by any cook of average intelligence. I have abstained from giving any sweet dishes, as they would make a good subject for a separate article.

A good summer soup is made by adding to a quart of *maigre* white stock, two carrots, two small turnips, one onion, a few slices of cumcumber, a little parsley and taragon, a small lump of sugar, pepper, and salt. Simmer slowly for an hour and a half, strain and thicken by adding a tablespoonful of flour (mixed smooth with water an an ounce of butter:) then one small lettuce finely shred. Let the soup boil for about twenty minutes, and it will be ready.

The following is a good way to use up cold meat Take a nicely shaped mould, butter it and arrange slices of cucumber at the tops and sides; then add thin slices of cold roast veal (or lamb), plain bacon or ham, and hard-boiled eggs. Season each layer with pepper, salt, and finely-chopped parsley. Fill up the mould with good clear gravy, seasoned to taste, in which some gelatine has been dissolved, allowing half an-ounce to half-a-pint of gravy. In order to clear the gravy, before removing fron the fire add the whites (beaten) and the shells (pounded) of two eggs and a dessert spoonful of tarragon vinegar Allow it to boil quickly for five minutes, then draw to the side of the fire and allow it to stand for fifteen minutes. Take it from the fire and, after it is has rested for ten minutes, pour through a jelly-bag, or tammy, until quite clear. When the mould is set, turn out and garnish with parsely.

Here is a very simple way of treating cold beef: Put into a saucepan a small teacupful of weak stock, two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup (which is sold as the "New Process" is, I think, best), half-an-ounce of butter, a pinch of cayenne pepper, half a teaspoonful of French mustard, and one tablespoonful of flour (mixed smooth with a little cold water). Stir all together over the fire until quite a thick paste and set aside to cool. Cut sufficient slices (as nearly the same size as possible) from a joint of cold beef to make a small dish, remove any fat there may be, and spread a thin coating of the tomato mixture on both sides of the meat. Arrange neatly on a dish with little tufts of mustard and cress between the slices.

A cold curry makes quite a nice hot weather *plat*, and this is an excellent curry receipt. Slice two small onions and fry in two ounces of butter until lightly browned, then add a tablespoonful of curry powder, a dessertspoonful of flour, and when well mixed a pint of weak stock, a teaspoonful of Chili vinegar, a squeeze of lemon juice, a tablespoonful of cream or milk, a pinch of mixed spice, a large spoonful of Chutnee, and a tomato sliced. Have ready about a pound of cold cooked veal or beef, cut nearly as small as dice, and seasoned with salt and pepper; add to the curry mixture, cover well, and let it stew very slowly for an hour and a half. When cold arrange on a dish with a border of boiled rice round the edge.

The following mayonnaise can be made of almost any kind of cold fish. Arrange the fish with a good size lettuce (cut up), some slices of cucumber, beet-root, and any scraps of cooked cauliflower, asparagus, or French beans you may happen to have. Make a dressing by mixing the yolks of two raw eggs smooth with two tablespoonfuls of salad oil (added slowly drop by drop), a teaspoonful of cream, half a teaspoonful of French and the same quantity of English mustard, one tablespoonful each of malt, Chili and tarragon vinegars, a dust of sugar, and salt and pepper to taste. Pour over the fish, &c., and garnish with shrimps, or gherkins and hard-boiled eggs.

"Tomato savory" is suitable either for luncheon or supper. Hard boil as many eggs as you require for a dish. When cold cut them exactly in halves and remove the yolkes, which pound with a little butter, a pinch of cayenne pepper, a few drops of tarragon vinegar, and a teaspoonful or two of any kind of fresh potted meat. Fill the whites of the eggs with this mixture, and set each half on a thin slice of tomato. To make the eggs stand, cut off the little round at each end of the egg. Serve with brown bread and butter.

Potato salad is a nice addition to any cold meat. Cut cold boiled potatoes in slices, add a little cucumber and a dressing as for any ordinary salad, sprinkle over all a little finely-chopped parsley and shalot.

French beans will soon be coming in, and while they are still young they make an excellent salad. Boil in salted water until tender, then plunge in cold water. Drain well, sprinkle with pepper, salt, and vinegar, and let them stand for two hours. Then arrange in a salad-bowl and pour over them a dressing of oil and vinegar, and a slight sprinkling of finely chopped tarragon.

The above dishes, although by no means costly, will make a pleasant change for those who are accustomed to severely plain cooking.

Fashionable Stockings.

The rage for tartans in Paris is making tartan stockings the fashion here, and almost all the plaids are to be had in silk—the Campbell, the Stuart, and the Mackenzie, and many others. Make of the newest make of stockings shown at the Silk Exhibition had a coarse cord rib alternating with a dropped stitch, which formed a thin open stripe. In these dark blue and yellow were a favorite combination. Nearly all the Balbriggan and Lisle thread stockings are made with double feet, toes, and heels, which causes them to last much better. A good boot-bronze is a favorite tone, and quite the newest invention under the head of stockings is the mosquito net, an open weaving, of which the entire stocking is composed from toe to top. Some thread stockings have been brought out with curious fronts in shaded irregular points across the foot intended to represent lightning.

The Little Sample Cake.

Oh, tempting is the snowy loaf,
With icing frosted o'er;
Delicious is the gingerbread
We always keep in store;
An d excellent the jelly-tarts
My lady loves to make—
But they cannot hold a candle
To the little Sample Cake.

Too much to fill the larget pan,
Too small to save for tea,
We slip it in the oven,
A taste for you and m e.
How delicate the golden brown!
Now daintily partake—
Naught else can win the triumph
Of the modest Sample Cake.

Let shallow pies unheeded pass!
Let corner biscuits go!
I sing a song that does not start
On ordinary dough;
My theme is in a sweeter strain
So rest ye, while ye take
A taste of what my lady calls
The little Sample Cake.

A Kitchen Dining Table.

Several years ago there appeared in print a description of a small table on casters, to be wheeled from the kitchen to the dining-room. It was to be used to carry dishes to the table, and out into the kitchen after a meal. An improvement on this can be made by people who do their own work, and are limited for room. Have a table on castors, narrow enough to be pushed through the door. Take the two end sets of legs of an old table and put in new side rails, any length desired, and put on a new top. If seven feet long, the material will cost about one dollar, and the work can be done in half a day. A new table can be made by a carpenter for three dollars, if the legs are plain. Turned legs will make the table look better, and also increase the expense. The food can be taken rom the range, brought from pantry, and cellar, and placed upon the table before it is wheeled into the dining-room. Many people, in the winter make a bedroom of their sitting-room, so that the dining-room must also serve as a sitting-room.

As soon as the table is wheeled from the dining-room, the floor can be brushed, the windows opened to air the room, and it is ready for a sitting-room. The extension table belonging to the dining-room can be used as a library table, for writing and reading If one can wash dishes without spattering, a dripping-pan, with a towel folded and laid in the bottom, can be set on the end of the table, with towels at hand. Then let the dish-washer sit down with the pan on her lap and her feet on a foot-stool. One cannot wash dishes as rapidly as on a kitchen table, but there are times when a woman does not care whether she works rapidly or not. It is a good way to rest on ironing days, and at other busy times. The tired muscles get rested, and the work is not stopped. Sometimes the sitting-room is warmer than the kitchen. If the pots and pans have been put "a-soak," as they should have been, the kitchen work can be rapidly finished up afterward.

It is a matter of great wonder to one passing through a kitchen after a meal, to see so many dishes, pots and pans; to try to imagine how the cook used so many in getting a simple meal of roast meat, with two or three vegetables, one kind of grain and a simple pudding, or pie, yet the kitchen table has so many more than the dining-room table, that the work is only fairly started when the table dishes are done.

If napkins are used before hands and lips touch the goblets, soap is not needed to wash them. Hot water in a clean pan, with a clean cloth to wash with, answers all purposes. Then glasses be set on a folded towel to drain, and polished with a clean towel. Cups and saucers, if clear of coffee grounds, need no rinsing; plates and vegetable dishes can have hot water poured over them while held over the dish-pan. A mop is good for washing the plates and larger dishes one can be made easily of old-fashioned candle-wicking on the handle of a little feather duster or a round-handled paint brush. A mop saves the hands, but it makes the washing process a little slower. When pork, mutton, fish, onions, or any other greasy or loud-smeeling food is cooked, soap and hot rinse-water must be used.

After the dishes are washed, and those not needed for the next meal put into the cupboard or pantry, the table can be set, and a cloth spread over all. Small figured percale or a large table-cloth can be used. When the table-cloth is to be changed for a clean one, all the dishes can be set on the kitchen table proper, and the change made very quickly. Such a table is useful in house-cleaning of closets and shelves.

Summer Dinners.

The dinner in summer should be a much lighter more dainty meal than in winter. Let the cloth be pure white damask, with little color displayed in the decorations, except in that furnished by the flowers. Little Neck clams are, of course, particularly nice to introduce the soup, which should be a clear consomme or a delicate cream soup. The heavy English soups, like calf's head and oxtail belong to the winter table. Mulligatawny is an Indian soup, which belongs to summer, and is properly served with a chicken or game dinner. Most varieties of fish are only in season in summer. The greater part of the fish sold in the winter is refrigerated and cannot be compared in flavor with perfectly fresh fish, for no refrigerated food loses so much by being frozen as fish. Heavy, hot roasts of beef or mutton may often be discarded on a warm summer's day for broiled lamb chops served with *maitre d'hotel* butter; or for fried chicken or broiled cutlets; or for a delicately crisp roast of spring lamb with mint sauce.

Curries belong to summer, and they offer an agreeable change to the appetite, which has become jaded by a monotonous winter diet. A bottle of curry-powder should be purchased at the beginning of each summer season to insure its being fresh; as it costs but twenty-five cents a bottle it is no great extravagance to throw out what has been left over from the previous year, and is probably stale. Chicken and veal are the most suitable meats for a curry, but lamb and some varieties of fish are also delicious prepared in this way. Fricassees of lamb, chicken and veal are always welcome summer meats.

As a rule the diet should be more vegetarian in summer than in cold weather, when the green herbs roots and fruits of the earth are in perfection. Wise gardeners arrange the sowing of their crops, so that there is a continuous supply of fresh, tender green peas and corn, and other choice vegetables, from the first picking till the frost appears. It is a little more difficult to insure tender salad greens. Nothing grown for this purpose in the heat of midsummer is ever so crisp and delicious as the lettuce and other plants that spring out of the cool earth in early spring. They are nature's own purifiers of the blood, which has become clogged with the heavy meat diet of winter. Lettuce that grows in a head is not as much cultivated throughout the country as it should be, though it can always be had in Boston, New York and other large markets. The heart leaves of this lettuce makes the most delicious salad greens. The dark green leaves that grow on the outside of the head, like the green leaves of cabbage, should be thrown away with the stalk, as they are not fit for salad. Only the bleached head, which is crispy and cream-white, is used.

There is no excuse for heavy desserts in summer. Light batter puddings are almost the only hot puddings suitable for warm weather. The variety of cold custards, iced desserts and creams is so large that there is no excuse for greasy, rich pies and puddings. Good housekeepers need not be reminded that perfectly ripe fruit is to be served in perfection ice cold but never iced.

Is Fair Hair Becoming Extinct?

In forming opinions as to whether fair-haired persons are less numerous in a particular locality now than formely, the element of age has to be considered. A person who has spent his childhood in a fair-haired district, and visits it again after a lapse of years may easily imagine that the number of fair-haired persons is fewer than formerly, merely on account of the class of persons from whom he draws the inference being more adult than those of whom he has recollections formely.

Upon the rate at which hair darkens from childhood to adult age we have some valuable observations, which show that the hair of light-complexioned male children darkens from 55 per cent. during the first five years of life to 33 per cent. at 45 years, and dark hair with light eyes is found to increase in about the same ratio. Darkening of the female hair and eyes with age takes place to a much less extent than among males. It would appear, therefore, that in estimating the increase or diminution of fair-haired persons in a particular district, observations on females are much more trustworthy than on males, from the fact that they are much less liable to variations; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the color of a woman's hair is more liable to alter according to the tint which is considered the most fashionable at a particular time. Besides the blending of fair haired races with the dark stocks, there are other elements which Dr. Beddoe has shown may account for the diminution of fair hair in England, and these should not be overlooked. He considers that the xanthous temperament is less able to withstand the unsanitary conditions existing in the crowded populations of our great cities than the melanotic, and that in this way the law of natural selection operates against its increase.

Again, as a large majority of women live and die unmarried and childless, it is probable, in his opinion, that the physical qualities of the race may be to a small extent moulded by the action of conjugal as well as natural selection. In support of this he has given statistics showing that of 737 women only 55.5 per cent. of those with fair hair were married, against 79 per cent. with black hair, while 37 per cent. with fair hair were unmarried, against 18 per cent. with black. On classifying those with red, fair, and brown hair as "blonde," and those with dark brown and black hair as "dark," we have 359 of the former and 361 o the latter. Of the blondes he found 60 per cent. werf married to 70.5 of the dark, and 32 per cent. of the former were unmarriedto 21.5 of the latter.

If during several generations this preference among the male sex for wives with dark hair should continue it is reasonable to suppose it would exert an influence decidedly adverse to the increase of fair-haired persons being maintained. On various grounds, therefore, it would seem as if the fair hair so much beloved by poets and artists is doomed to be encroached upon and even replaced by that of darker hue The rate at which this is taking place is probably very slow, from the fact that nature is most conservative in her changes.

Fig.57.—No. 4648.—Litele Girls' Josephine.
Price 20 cents.

Quantity of Material(27 inches wide) for 2 years, 4 1-2 yards; 3 years 4 1-2 yards; 4 years 4 5-8 yards; 5 years, 4 3-4 yards; 6 years, 4 7-8 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 2, 3, 4 years, 3 yards; 5 years, 3 1-4 yards; 6 years, 3 1-2 yards.

Fig.57.—A white guimpe having a high collar and long sleeves is worn with this little frock of China silk, challie, cashmere, lawn, nainsook, etc. The full skirt has a deep hem headed with a feather-stitching. The waist is cut with a V-shaped neck, back and front, fitted plainly in the back and laid in folds in front, which are lapped beneath the Empire belt of the dress material tied in a bow in the back, with hemmed ends and edges. The short sleeves are mere puffs gathered in to the arm-sizes and narrow bands. Pattern No. 4668, price 20 cents.

Look Out For The Boys.

Mothers are more apt to think of things which amuse the girls than they are for the boys. That is, after they reach their teens. Boys are expected to play out of doors most of the time and also to select their companions outside. But the greatest mistakes boys make in their lives are often made just at this time. When they are going beyond babyhood and before they have reached manhood is a very critical period. Then, if ever, a boy needs his mother. Mothers, let us exert ourselves to keep our lads near us. One way to do this is to give the boys a room all for themselves. Here they may collect whatever their fancy may dictate. Do not fit it up in any great style and do not be too particular in regard to the care of the furniture. Let them have one place in the house where they can whittle sticks and make a dirt if they want to. The training a boy receives in his infancy bears a lasting impression. Sometimes a child who has been tenderly reared goes far astray, but if such a one does go wrong what would he have been without that care? If we are cold and selfish, if our little ones see evidences of it daily, what can we expect from them? If in their turn they are cold and selfish to us can we complain?

The thrush is audible about 4:50 in the morning.

The quail's whistling is heard in the woods about 3 o'clock.

At 4 o'clock the blackbird makes the woods resound with his melody.

DR. FOWLER'S
EXT. OF
WILD
STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
Cholera Morbus
COLIC and
CRAMPS
DIARRHŒA
DYSENTERY
AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

ADVENTURE IN A TOWER.

BY EVELYN THROPE.

"Shut in?"

"If we can only make the workmen hear before they get away."

"Do you mean that if we do not we shall be imprisoned here indefinitely?"

The sudden storm raged about the high tower room in which Conrad Hammond, bachelor and clubman, and Virginia Redwood, prospective M. D. and missionary to native Hindu women, found themselves, by the crashing to of a ponderous door, unexpectedly incarcerated. The tower belonged to an unfinished country residence; and that country residence—the ubiquitous reporter had already informed the county press that it was to be one of the finest in the country—was the property of Conrad Hammond himself. An hour before the slanting sun that had been shining out of an unclouded August sky had become abruptly obscured, and the young man, meeting Miss Redwood in one of the long walks she was wont to take for miles outside the sleepy old historic village with her huge blooded mastiff, had offered her the shelter of his tower during the impending storm. Great drops were already descending with an ominous accompaniment of thunder, and Virginia, after a brief hesitancy, had accepted the proferred hospitality, while Hammond, who had been riding, tied his horse to a tree. And this was the result? The tower stood on the farther side of a sweeping lawn that divided it from the house, in which the sound of workmen's hammers and saws had just ceased, and to make one's self heard from its windows in the tumult of the elements had become an impossibility. The wind which, suddenly pouring down the winding staircase that led to the tower-room, had violently flung the door, above its last step, in the lock, carried away Hammond's reiterated calls in ineffectual whispers. The lock was provisional and on the side of the stairs only. And when the entire situation dawned on the girl's bewilderment, she put this last question to her companion with a face that had grown a trifle white and rigid.

"The workmen will be early in the morning of course," replied the latter, endeavoring to speak lightly, but pulling nervously at his mustache the while, "and we can't starve in the interim. Still—"

"Are you certain that the door cannot be broken open?" Virginia inquired, controlling herself forcibly.

"Unfortunately I fear it cannot." He was a man of muscular build. He threw himself against the heavy plank, pushing against it with his shoulders until the veins showed on his face. A faint creaking of the wood was the only reward of his efforts.

"Then we must wave our handkerchiefs—make some sign!" said the girl quickly. "Surely, some one in the country round must see us." But even as she spoke she knew that any such attempt would be futile. The house and tower were isolated in the midst of large grounds. Evening was coming on apace and they were three miles from the village. The thought of the anxiety that would be felt about her in her home added a fresh pang to her alarm. She was a young woman who was exceedingly proud of her self-control, of her equanimity in all eventualities of life But she was conscious now of a distinct sense of painful discomfort. And of all men, to be placed in such an embarrassing position with this man. With this Conrad Hammond for whom she had so very small a measure of consideration or respect, and so large a measure of contemptuous dislike! With this idle man of the world, supposed to be so irrestible to women. Without knowing it—and indeed how could a young woman devoted to such lofty aims in life linger upon thoughts of her personal qualifications?—Miss Redwood had a face most expressive of her inner soul, an eye beam most eloquent of her condition of feeling and mind. Looking at her now her companion in imprisonment said:

"I think I need not tell you how deeply I regret that my carelessness in leaving that door unpropped in this terrific wind should have led you into so unpleasant a situation, Miss Redwood. Especially as I cannot but feel you could scarce have met with such a misfortune in the society of any one who would be more distasteful to you."

The rain had abated and the wind was sinking, but the clouds hung threateningly low and in these already shortening August days a crepuscular grayness was beginning to invade the tower-room. A rough wooden bench, used at some time by the workmen and half covered with shavings, occupied one side of the circular room and on it Virgina had seated herself, her fingers interlocked, her handsome young eyes turned sternly away. Although this Conrad Hammond, whose charms and good looks (and riches) women so liberally extolled and for whom she personally had always felt such an unaccountable aversion, had had the good taste to take up his stand at the further end of the small room, she was uncomfortably aware that his glance questioned her with strange insistence through the dark. Wrapped up in her desire for a useful and worthy career, she had always shown herself supremely indifferent both to her own severe, Diana-like young beauty and to any emotion it might arouse in the men with whom she came in contact. For this man her usual indifference had become accentuated into a latent and irritating sense of antagonism. All the Summer, though he had never shown any pursuit of her that could be construed into deliberate courtship, she had been conscious of a silent attention on his part, always centered on herself. She had resented it tacitly, at times with an undefined nervousness which filled her with anger against herself. She was fired with a constant wish to tell him how very poor was the opinion she had of him. Now, as he stood regarding her with folded arms, these indefinite feelings rolled up within her with a complex force that broke at last in articulate words. If only he would not stare so how thankful she would be!

"I don't know quite what you mean," she rejoined, tensely and coldly, upon his last speech. "No one could make this predicament itself anything but unwelcome. It is not a question of personal taste or distaste."

He laughed a little, shortly.

"Ah, you are begging the question, Miss Redwood."

She flushed haughtily.

I never do that. If you must know—will know—the truth, I have no respect for your views of life—no. And I judge a man by his life," announced this uncompromising young medical student.

"You are severe!"

"I don't think I am unjustly so." Her large eyes flashed upon him in the deepening darkness with indignant fearlessness. "I simply have no respect for men who live in luxurious indolence on this toiling, writhing earth, where countless millions work and suffer? Still less for men who cultivate the reputation of Don Juans and Lovelaces."

A silence fell between them. Hammond could no longer distinguish clearly the features of her face. The rain had cooled the air, and with the advent of night a certain chilliness had crept into the bare, high-perched tower-room. Now and again a soughing gust of wind circled the massive stone wall about them and died away in a murmur of trees. At the foot of the tower Virginia's mastiff barked shortly and insitently.

"Poor Don!" murmured the girl softly.

She had seemingly almost forgotten the man across the room. But she started a little imperceptibly, when he spoke again. His face was quite shrouded from her now, and she could but just discern the out lines of his figure; but she was conscious of a tone in his voice that had never been there before.

"However scant your own respect may be for a man whom you think of as glorying in the final two epiphets you have used, I can prove to you that such a man is capable of greater respect for a good woman, on his side, than you seem willing to credit. I had not intended saying anything to you now. But before we were liberated from this mouse-trap to-morrow it was my determination to offer you my name and hand—to ask you to be my wife."

"And I would have refused both gift and request," answered the girl, slowly and distinctly. "I refuse now. I am not so afraid what the world may say. My life lines are to lie so far from the scandalous gossip of so-called society that I can afford to be very indifferent to any unjust blight that may be cast upon my name by reason of this miserable accident. As a man of honor you might offer to marry me—such are the artifical codes of the thing we call social life. But I, as a woman of honor, can marry no man in whatever unfortunate position I may have been placed who does not love me and whom I do not love in return." Her voice trembled.

"And who tells you that I do not love you?" asked Hammond, in compressed accents. She felt him draw a step nearer in the darkness. "That I should speak now is what I never thought, never desired. But since one word must be uttered the entire truth may as well follow. I love you, I have loved you exclusively, devotedly, passionately—since the first day I saw you. You have avoided me, heaped contempt upon me. I have but loved you the more. You are the one love of my life. I have wanted no other woman for my wife. I want you. You may treat me as you may now. The day will come when you will—when you must—love me. I tell you that—here—this moment. And there will come a time when you will remember my words. I am a man who is not afraid of the truth. When that door crashed to and I realized the position in which your were unavoidably placed I said to myself that this might be my opportunity—that you might now be shown what was in my heart and might consent to marry me. Was this wrong? Will you judge me as harshly for this as for all my other supposititious misdemeanors? Love such as mine for you makes its own law. Do you not realize that? I may have tasted too many of the bitter-sweet fruits of life, but I have never been a base man nor a dissipated one. And now I want to be a better one than I have been; to lead a more useful, a worthier existence. It is you who have inspired this wish. And if you will in time love me, you can make of me what you will."

She had heard him through to the final word, but now her voice broke upon the last passionate vibration of his with a vibration as passionate.

"And you call yourself an honorable man and take such an occasion as this to drive me to bay? You say such words to me now—now—when I am constrained to listen to anything you may choose to utter? Is this a time to force a love you have justly divined would be distasteful on a girl so defenseless against intrusion as I am at this instant? But you have already declared that you thought this a strangely happy opportunity! At least you are candid in unmasking your soul and your views, Mr. Hammond! Let me be equally candid and assure you that even had I some feeling of a possible liking for you—which was never the case!—this scene, the unmanly and ungentlemanly advantage you have taken of my position, would be more than sufficient to kill outright not only such feeling, but the last lingering spark of respect I might have entertained of you in the bargain!"

She paused and she now for the first time perceived that she was trembling in every limb. Hammond had made no sound—had not stirred in his place. Only after what seemed an interminable pause she heard him move toward the window. When he spoke his voice had changed as much as though it were the voice of another man.

"You are entirely right. I beg your pardon, I acquiesce entirely in the opinion you have formed of me. I have labored under a great delusion. But it is still possible, perhaps, to save you in another way from the consequences of this unfortunate accident."

The scattered clouds had broken a little and projected against the pale square of night-light in the window. Virginia could see the vague outlines of his head and shoulders. Suddenly he seemed to swing himself upward. A sharp pang of undefined terror clutched her.

"What are you going to do?"

"Swing myself on to the top branches of that tree and trust to heaven to get to ground safely from there."

"Mr Hammond!" She had started forward, her knees quaking under her. "It is not possible that you can be so insane, so foolhardy—"

Her words broke in a low cry. An evanescent ray of moonlight had filtered palely through the clouds and Virginia saw the mad leap—heard a sharp creaking snapping of boughs. Then the moonlight disappered. The clouds closed again over the place where it had been.

Virgina had sunk on her knees.

The next thing of which she had a consciousness was of a bright light from a lantern that had been swung upon her face. Don was licking her hands and face in a canine transport of joy and alarm Voices resounded around her and she recognized the kindly accents of a gardener's wife whose cottage a mile off, she had frequently passed in her walks.

"It's fainted she has poor dear! And no wonder Shut up here in the dark alone, and how do you expect she ever got up here? Mr. Hammond was right then when he said he thought he heard a voice calling for help from the top of the tower as he rode by down by the entrance of the grounds."

"It was pretty far off to hear," answered the voice of the woman's husband. "Still, when the night is so quiet.*** But the funny thing is Mr. Hammond did'nt stop to see what it was himself, instead of riding on so far as our house."

"He said he wasn't sure, Caleb. Only when he come to think of it he suspicioned more and more that something might be wrong. But he didn't have time to go back then."

Virginia had aroused herself then, her bewilderment all gone. He had shielded her carefully then to the last!

"Heaven be thanked, miss!"exclaimed the gardener's wife. "Are you feeling better? And how did it ever happen ma'am?"

"I will tell you later. Could you get me home now? I seem to have little strength."

Before the two worthy people retired definitely for the night the woman said to her husband:

Constipation,

IF not remedied in season, is liable to become habitual and chronic. Drastic purgatives, by weakening the bowels, confirm, rather than cure, the evil. **Ayer's Pills**, being mild, effective, and strengthening in their action, are generally recommended by the faculty as the best of aperients.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills. I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night before retiring. I would not willingly be without them."—G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main st., Carlisle, Pa.

"I have been taking Ayer's Pills and using them in my family since 1857, and cheerfully recommend them to all in need of a safe but effectual cathartic."—John M. Boggs, Louisville, Ky.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action, so that now I am in excellent health."—S. L. Loughbridge, Bryan, Texas.

"Having used Ayer's Pills, with good results, I fully indorse them for the purposes for which they are recommended."—T. Conners, M. D., Centre Bridge, Pa.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

"I tell you it's been a dreadful shock to Miss Redwood, Caleb. Did you see how strange her eyes looked? so full of pain, like? and white? White as a ghost!"

* * * * * * * *

In the lush freshness of the following June the country house of Conrad Hammond stood bolted, barred and unfinished. He had been away nearly a year and work thereupon had been suspended indefinitely. To the letters of his lawyer and agents he had replied, "Leave everything as it is, I don't know when I shall return." There were rumors that he had gone to Europe. For the rest, the sleepy old historic village ceased to wonder and settled again into its somnolent indifference.

The silence of the weed-grown grounds was now so rarely broken by human voice or foot fall that the sudden call, "Don! Don! Down, sir!" reverberated strangely under the shade of the pathway. At its turning a man had suddenly appeared and Conrad Hammond and Virginia Redwood looked wordlessly, breathlessly into each other's faces.

"I thought you were in Europe," stammered the girl. How should she account for her presence here—under the very shadow of the tower in which such words had been spoken the last time she had ever seen him? and what would he think of the hot blood crimsoning her cheek and the trembling of the hand that held Don in leash?

"And I thought you had gone to India," he said.

"I go next week."

"And you came here—here—once again before leaving?" He had drawn closer to her and his hungry eyes read her timid ones. "Virginia, are you sure you did not make a mistake that night ten months ago? If I should tell you now what I told you then would you answer as you did? Would you still go to India?'

She had covered her face with her hands. Her words came broken and slow.

"No I mistook my heart that night. I have known it since. I know it now."

Her First Trip On The Railway.

I witnessed the following not many months since when travelling in the south of Scotland:—On the train entering a station in East Lothian my attention was attracted by a buxom dame on the platform who was frantically nourishing a huge "Gamp" and shouting "stop." As luck would have it, she made for the compartment I was in, which was already comfortably filled, and after much vociferation on her part and considerable assistance from behind from an irrate official, she was got on board. There she stood, gasping for breath and ejaculating about the unnecessary haste of the officials, when suddenly the train started, and she was thrown, Gamp and all, into the arms of a heavy swell, knocking out his eye-glass and altogether taking the starch out of him. Amid the titters of the whole company he got rid of his fair burden by depositing her on the pet corn of the stout old gentleman opposite, who immediately executed a kind of Indian war dance, meanwhile calling on Moses—who, by the way, I cannot remember having read was ever in similiar circumstances, but of course I may be wrong. After considerable confusion our heroine sat down between two ladies, and for greater safety seized a sleeve of each, still holding on to her umbrella. A quiet, inoffensive-looking gentleman in the corner, fearing it would be her next source of grief, mildly suggested that she should allow him to put it in the rack for her, whereupon she flourished it in his face, saying that, although she had never travelled by rail before, she had heard of the dodges of thieves, and he would need to turn his attention to somebody else's gear, as she would not let her good alpaca out of her hands. The unfortunate gentleman utterly collapsed, and sought to hide his confusion behind his pocket handkerchief. Quietness now prevailed, broken only by an occasional groan from the old gentleman nursing his foot, and a grunt from the heroine as she surveyed her victims. On emerging from a long tunnel she looked round in consternation, exclaiming, "Eh, sirs, but the nichts are short in Berwickshire."

An Engagement.

I heard a story some time ago of a man who is well known both in this country and Europe as a profound scholar and linguist.. It related to his care of his children. In the first years of his married life he formed the resolution to give his children one hour each day. During that time his whole thoughts and attention were given to understanding their characters and influencing them in the right direction. Business, invitations, visitors—anything that threatened to interfere with that hour—were all put aside. "I have an engagement with —" is the inexorable answer. All the little school trials of the children, their pleasures, their plans, they brought to him eagerly. They were always sure of his sympathy. His boys became, men they, as all other men had their ambitions, their successes, their failures, and, most of all—their temptations. They never feared, but went to him as to an elder brother. In the hour of danger and temptation the child is blest who can go to either parent and confide all. How many a man—and, alas! woman also—would be saved from doing things on which God's blessing dare not be asked if the y could only go to their parents in such confidence.

Stanley's Bride.

Tall, robust, handsome, rather embonpoint, with fair hair, deep blue eyes, a straight nose, a lovely complexion, white teeth, full mouth, small dimply hands, and pretty feet is about the description of the lady who has just become Mrs. Henry M. Stanley. Mrs. Stanley is nearly 34 years of age, and first came into prominent literary notice by her clever illustrations of Mrs. W. K. Clifford's popular book, "Anyhow Stories," which appeared some years ago, and still enjoys an enormous sale. Then she began to exhibit a series of delightful pictures of naked children, her style showing clearly the teachings of her celebrated master, Hennel of Paris, Her "The Baby" was one of the sensations of the year. With her sister, now Mrs. Frederick Myers, a pronounced brunette, she sat for Milais's twin pictures, now called "Yes" and "No." At the time they were exhibited in the Royal Academy they were referred to as "The Blue Girl" and "The Red Girl," Mrs. Stanley being "The Blue." Mr. Frederick Myers, the husband of Mrs. Stanley's sister, is the author of "St. Paul," and one of the leaders in the æsthetic poetical set which now rules in English poetry. He was a great friend of the late Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, who was godfather to Mrs. Myers' first baby. From a society point of view few young ladies in London are better known than Mr. Stanley's bride. Not a festival of the year, from a flower show or a first night at the opera to a garden-party at Malborough House but Miss Dorothy Tennant's name appeared in the list of guests. She has acquired a distinct fame in London for the quiet elegance of her gowns and the number and variety of her parasols which is apparently a hobby with her, and she never appears in the park, either riding or driving, without a cavalcade of admirers ensuite, which has not been lessened by the announcement of her engagement to the famous explorer. A clever article, generally illustrated in one of the magazines, or a striking picture in one of the galleries, keeps her always in front in literary and art circles; in fact, as the Princess of Wales remarked, when congratulating Mr. Stanley: "You marry not only a very pretty and very charming girl, but a woman brimful of genius."

Mrs. Stanley is no relation to Sir Charles Tennant, whose daughter is supposed to be engaged to Mr. Balfour, the Irish Secretary of State. The families are in no way connected. Mr. Stanley's mother in-law is a handsome widow, enjoying the large fortune left her by her late husband, a parliamentary lawyer. Mr. Gladstone and other personages of the Liberal party are frequent guests at her table, and more than one coronet has been offered and refused by her two beautiful daughters. Her only other child, a son, is a mild young man, who shows none of the intellect of his sisters. He is engaged to be married to the daughter of a country squire, and will probably appear at the altar of Hymen at the same time as his sister.

The story of Stanley's wooing is gradually being disclosed. He first met Miss Tennant when last in England, and for awhile was received with the same coolness which has usually characterized the lady's reception of attentions from gentlemen. But the indomitable courage, energy, and wonderful powers of description possessed by the explorer gradually won the heart of one who possessed similiar traits in so marked a degree, and when Stanley managed to pluck up sufficient courage to propose she fainted with mingled delight and excitement. She promised to wait until he returned from his next African trip, and insisted that their engagement should be kept secret.

The letters which have passed between Stanley Africanus and his finance, if they ever see light of publication—love letters of eminent persons are now included in the printer's prey—will be truly curious stories, for no doubt the explorer told more to his lady love than he will confess elsewhere of the awful tribulations of his march through the African swamps and forests. His brother explorers were aware of their commander's love story, and many a tree in the strange lands visited has "Dolly" deeply cut into the bark. The natives used to think it the sign of the white chief's fetish, and often prostrated themselves before it. In one of his letters Stanley wrote such a harrowing account of the sufferings of his band and gave such a vivid picture of the death of a gigantic negro slowly swallowed by a huge serpent that Miss Tennant swooned after reading it.

Stanley has brought a most extraordinary collection of curiosities home for his bride, many of them being now on exhibition at the African Society's show. He declares that he will never permit his wife to share the dangers of exploration, and that if he goes again to Africa she must remain at home or in Egypt until he returns. He is not anxious to have his wedding celebrated in Westminster Abbey, but would like a quiet ceremony in the little village church near the country seat of the Tennant family. This wish, however, is not likely to be fulfilled, as the Princess of Wales and other exalted ladies have intimated a desire to be present. Among his many congratulations Mr. Stanley received autograph letters from the Emperor of Germany, King Leopold of Belgium, and other sovereigns. Queen Isabella of Spain not only gave him her hand to kiss at Lord Salisbury's reception the other night, but insisted on shaking hands with him, and wishing him not only wedded happiness but a large family.

Two weeks before their nuptials Stanley and his bride appeared together everywhere, and of course were always asked to meet each other at dinners and receptions. The explorer is almost worked to death, despite the fact that he has three secretaries laboring day and night answering letters from all parts of the world. Samples of every conceivable article of apparel and color are sent to him with the notification that they have been named "Stanley," and even Stanley pies, Stanley sausages, and Stanley toothpaste are among the presents pouring in upon him from anxious advertisers.

Coughing

IS Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure."—Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Miss.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Confidences.

Many men, fathers of children, devote nearly all their time to business. They provide for their children's wants, but never think of devoting any of their time to the little ones. How do they expect to truly know their children or have their children know them with such a state of affairs as this? Many mothers, too, do what is equally as bad. They see that their children's physical wants are attended to; they plan and work to have their little brood look quite fashionable and proper when they appear on the street or in public, but that is about all. They do nothing toward learning, forming or training the characters of their children. They say they haven't time. Perhaps they haven t, but then if that be so they should let something else go, not the children. It might be well to set apart a certain portion of each day to devote to the children. Let nothing interrupt you during that period. Let the little ones have at least one hour of your time.

The Indian Shawls Have Run Out.

Good news for brides! The Queen's stock of Indian shawls, which she receives for wedding present purposes, has run out. Doubtless a new supply will be forthcoming as soon as possible, but there is just a chance that her Majesty may be forced, for a while at least, to hit upon an alternative form of gift. These shawls do not cost her Majesty anything, as she every year receives a consignment of them from one of the feudatory Indian Princes. They are exquisite fabrics, made of the very finest silk, and of such delicate structure that they can be drawn bodily through a wedding ring. I am told that the selling value of each of them is something between seventy and eighty guineas. The recipients of the Royal shawls treasure them up, of course, never profaning the gifts by devoting them to the normal purposes of shawls.—[London Correspondent.

Max O'Rell's Views of Englishwomen.

The ladies of the English-aristocracy are perfect queens; but the Englishwoman who was not born a lady will seldom become a lady, and I believe this is why *mesalliances* are more scarce in England than in America and especially France. I could name many Englishmen, standing at the head of their professions, who cannot produce their wives in society because these women have not been able to raise themselves to the level of their husband's station in life. The Englishwoman has no faculty for fitting herself for a higher position than the one she was born in: like the rabbit, she will always taste of the cabbage she fed on. I am bound to add that this is perhaps a quality, and proves the truthfulness of her character.

THE WINNERS

— IN THE —

Ladies' Journal Competition,

No 25.

The following persons have answered the questions correctly and are entitled to the prizes as specified. They may be had on application to this office. See notice to winners following this list of names. The questions are as follows:—Where in the Bible are the following words first found, DEEP, HIGH, WIDE?

The answers are—Deep, Genesis, first chapter and second verse; High, Genesis, seventh chapter and nineteenth verse; Wide, Deuteronomy, fifteenth chapter and eighth verse.

If there is no province given after a name and place it is to be understood that Ontario is meant. We make this explanation to avoid repetition:

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash, Miss R R Ware, St Leonards Hill, Edinburgh, Scotland. Next five, each ten dollars in cash, 1 A Arthurs, Leith Scotland; 2 J J Laing, Leith Scotland; 3 Mrs Evans, Marlebone Rd London Eng; 4 Jas Barber, Fennell Eng; 5 Mrs James Allen, Larne Ireland. Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, 1 A Millar, 866 Lagauchetuire St, Montreal Que; 2 W B Rankin, 150 Leinster St, St John N B; 3 Avis A Ellis, Shelburne N S; 4 Lizzie Armour, 44 Westmorland St Fredericton N B; 5 Laura Bigelow, 115 John St N Hamilton; 6 Mrs Wallace Brandon, Manitoba; 7 Kate Trundell, Belfast, Ireland; 8 Bella Trundell, Belfast Ireland; 9 Jane Trundell, Belfast Ire; 10 Harry Edson, Larne Ire; 11 Mary Edson, Larne Ire; 12 Fanny Edson, Larne Ire; 13 H A Martin, Berlin, Ger; 14 Julia Martin, Berlin, Ger; 15 F C Coate, Berlin Ger. Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, 1 J Hugh Walker, Port Hope; 2 Mrs Herbert A Ward, Pleasant Forks N W T; 3 F A Cater, Brussels Belgium; 4 J Vospar, Brussels Belgium; 5 K F Foulds, Antwerp, Belgium; 6 J M Turner, Antwerp Belgium; 7 C Campbell, Antwerp Belgium. Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold. Milton's Paradise Lost. 1 Mrs Wm Powles Deseuonto; 2 Mrs Hugh Addy, Newport; 3 I J Waite, Rat Portage; 4 Mrs Jno Haylewood, 65 Cartwright St London; 5 Jas Patterson, Clinton; 6 Annie Mills 140 Bagot St Kingston; 7 Wm Thompson, Barrie; 8 Florence Copeland, N Sydney C B; 9 Annie Jackson, Collingwood; 10 Mrs W A Grant, Ballymote; 11 Ada H Buie, Newcastle N B; 12 Jas Anderson, Peteboro; 13 R Prescott, 233 Oxford St London; 14 Mrs Geo W Ried, Port Dalhousie; 15 Jas Mills, Rat Portage; 16 Mrs Wm Philp, Sarnia; 17 Jennie Morgan, Berlin; 18 Mrs Jas Foy, Port Hope; 19 Chas A Wilson, Waterdown; Next, One Very Fine Solid Triple Silver Plated Coffee Urn. Arthur M Banfield, 80 Larne St Belfast Ireland. Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watche. 1 Mrs Tremeer Randolph, Simcoe Co; 2 Mrs Ed Moore Douglas, P O RenfrewCo; 3 F A Castor, Berlin Ger; 4 Minnie Carter, Berlin Ger; 5 Mrs A W Sterns, Box 573 Charlottetown P E a. Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring 1 Ett Truscott, 65 Cathca St Hamilton; 2 F B Truscott, 65 Cathca St Hamilton; 3 Bertha Ford, Carberry Man; 4 Franklin Grobb, Brantford; 5 Geo Moore, Weston; 6 Lucy Patason, Shakespeare; 7 Anne Simpson, Aurora; 8 Mrs P Backhouse, Pt Rowan; 9 Jane Jenkins, Rat Portage; 10 Eva A Turnbull, Brussels; 11 Ethel Laidlaw, 79 Wilson St Ham; 12 Sam Leah, Milton W 13 M D Devitt, Wiarton; 14 Jane Ford, Milton W; 15 Mrs Robt Stubbard, Eglinton. Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair. 1 Kate P. Ellis, West Toronto Junction; 2 Mrs. Jos. Weld, Calder; 3 Clara Dawes, Thorold; 4 Geo W Read, Port Dalhousie; 5 Miss Clare, Norway; 6 M J Montgomery, Whitby; 7 Edith Burge, 237 Victoria Ave Ham; 8 Frankie Weston, Midland; 9 Tiffin Harris, 10 Trafalgar Ave City; 10 Mrs Alfred Thorpe, 699 Bathurst St City; 11 L Wilson, 29 Balmuto St City; 12 Mrs C Davey 23 Boswell Ave City; 13 Mrs F Baker, 35 Sullivan St City; 14 Mrs Geo Cartwright Jr, 110 Terauley St City; 15 Mrs M Macfarland, Fairville N B; 16 Mrs C MacArthur, Westminster; 17 Mrs Wm Baird, Shetland; 18 Mrs Wm Douglas, Windsor; 19 Jno H Christie, Little Bras D'Or C B 20; Mrs Jas Mahony, 129 Jemima St Wln Man; 21 Minnie Fiddler, Manitowaning; 22 S Cathcart, 12 Vanauley St City; 23 Mrs Mitchell, 103 Claremont St City; 24 Geo B Hearn, Guelph; 25 Augusta Stein, Berlin; 26 Mrs Wm Bankes, Dorchester Sta; 27 Rosa Maffey, 729 Gerrard St City; 28 J K Birdie, 469 Sherbourne St City; 29 Martha Anderson, Ravens Cliffe; 30 Martha Chamberland, 113 S Los Robles Pasadena Cal; 31 Mrs M J Duncan, 461 Philip St London; 32 C F Rothwell, 592 Dufferin Ave London; 33 Jos Gaynor, Gravenhurst; 34 Annie Sewell, Pokemouche N B; 35 Mrs W H Fawcett, West Hill; 36 Silas Corkum, Lunenburg N S; 37 M A Hitchen, Kingston: 38 Mrs Jno Magee, 29 Mecklenburg Terrace St John N B; 39 Matthew Robinson, Gravel Hill; 40 Mrs Jas McGregor, Lynden; 41 Annie Whitehead, 396 Albert St Ottawa. Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dicken's Works Handsomely Bound in Cloth, 10 vols. 1 Jas McMillan, Aurora; 2 Arthur Johnston, Berlin; 3 Jas Jones, Peterboro; 4 Mrs M R Trider, Moncton N B; 5 Sarah Spencer, Brantford; 6 Wm Merril, Bowmanville; 7 M L Haisley, 1470 Queen St E City; 8 Mrs A McGregor, Sarnia; 9 Andrew Jackson, Brampton; 10 Howard Smith, Stratford; 11 Geo. Reid, Milverton; 12 Mrs R A Boyles, Carleton St John N B; 13 Helen B Fraser, 9 John St N Hamilton; 14 Arthur Jones, Galt; 15 Jas Brown, Thedford; 16 John Flynn, St Thomas; 17 Jennie Carter, Galt; 18 Sarah McMillan, Listowel; 19 Mary J McDonald, Roseneath; 20 H N Keirshead, Alma N B; 21 Mrs H Fraser. St Thomas; 22 Mrs Arthur Hawkins, Brandon Man; 23 Jas Bothwell, Peterboro; 24 Mina Brownlee, Shetland; 25 Maud Wait, Rat Portage; 26 Arthur Thompson, Milverton; 27 Mrs W J Greenleese, Waterdown; 28 Annie Dickey, Deseronto; 29 John B Dempsey, 39 Blowers St Halifax N S. Next one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by Celebrated Canadian Firm. Miss F C Custer Oswego sent from Germany. Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design. 1 Mrs A C Stevens, St Stephen N B; 2 Mrs Jas Logan, 254 Princess St St Johns N B; 3 Mrs Alex Lyle, Honolulu Is W I; 4 Arthur Tanner, Aylmer Que; 5 Miss Skynner, 688 Spadina Ave City; 6 Jas Milligan, Port Arthur; 7 Annie E Westmore, 49 Tarden St. St Johns N B; 8 Retta Blanchard, Prince Albert; 9 Sarah Johnston, Berlin; 10 Mrs H D'Benson, Lauder's Landing BritishColumbia; 11 Mrs Geo Merkley, Algoma Mills. Next five, each a Beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces). 1 Hugh R Lawrence, 95 Cobourg St, St Johns NB; 2 John Jackson, Brantford; 3 L S Ingram, Fredericton NB; 4 Millie Mace, Brampton; 5 Martha Anderson, Sarnia; Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Dr. Naphey's Medical Book. 1 Jas Anderson, Port Arthur; 2 L P Telfer, 147 Mill St London; 3 Blanch Ormon, 59 Birmingham St Halifax NS; 4 Mrs. White, Lampton Mills; 5 Wm. Bennett, Brandon Man; 6 Mrs. Robt Brown, Deseronto; 7 James Milligan, Caledon; 8 E A Burrows, 118 Charron St Montreal Que; 9 Mrs Jno Clark, Thorold; 10 Jno Davidson, Bullocks Cors; 11 Andrew Clarkson, Scarboro; 12 E A Abernethy, Sunbury; 13 Maggie McDonald, Stratford; 14 Jno G Rothwell, Stittsville; 15 Mrs Malloy, Milton W; 16 Arthur Smith, Berlin; 17 Mrs Wm Piercy Edmonton NWT; 18 Annie Wright, 21 Clarence Sq City; 19 Lydia C Lusted, Stonewall Man; 20 Annie Thompson, Orilia; 21 Mrs F Adams, Allendal; 22 Chas Aberhart, Staffa; 23 Mary E Jones, W Fitchbury Mass; 24 Gracie Ellsworth, Ketchams Cors; 25 F W Stevenson, Hillview Man. Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch. 1 Angus McGregor, Brantford; 2 Wm Lyall, 98 Sackville St Halifax NS; 3 Geo E Olive Fairville, St John NB; 4 Arthur Jones, Peterboro; 5 Mrs T L Roberts, Beaver Mine; 6 Clara A Woodhead, W Fitchburg Mass; 7 Elizabeth Nelson, Marringhurst Man; 8 Jas Gibson Aurora; 9 Mrs Hugh Johnston, Boissevain Man; 10 Eado Smith Brandon, Man; 11 Mrs G A Rutledge, Hornings Mills.

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight:—Pianos, $20; Cabinet Organs, $5; Sewing Machines, $2; Tea Service, $1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses, $1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20c; Knitting Machines, $1.00; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, $1,00.

SHE'S TO BLAME.

BY HARKLEY HARKER.

I mean the noble, generous woman.

I lay it to her charge that this mother breaks herself down. She will not stop to rest. She toils, toils, toils! God pity her, how grand is her love of us all!

But, madam, why did you not ask your light-footed daughter to run up stairs and get that box for you? Why drag your blessed weary feet up there at the close of a day when you have walked more than sixteen miles about the house? I say you are to blame. You are old enough to know better. You do know better. But one night as well talk to—to a rose, and forbid it to breathe out fragrance and die. Why do you not now ask John to get up and open the window. What if he is reading his paper? John would gladly do it if you asked it. John loves you; but it is not a man's nature to think of small services in behalf of his loved ones, as it is a woman's nature. A man is always thankful, however, when he is told what he is told what he can do. He feels like kicking himself that he did not perceive the necessity of his action; yet he is thankful, I assert, if he be at all manly.

Dear Heart, do you suppose we, of the family, think more of clean windows than we do of your bright cheery face? Yet you wear out all your cheer rubbing at those windows till your face is ghastly tired. You sweep the floors till every stray straw is frightened out; but your sweet eyes are full of beams—whole timbers of anxiety, depression, and gloom. What do we care—we, the rest of the family—that every cobweb is broomed down from the corners, if cobwebs of gloom festoon your lovely face, mother, because you are so completely tired out? You fix the children up with ribbons and silks; but where are yours, my wife? When I first went a-courting you, sweetheart, long ago, there was not a prettier girl in this old village. Do you think I have forgotten it? How you used to gracefully adorn yourself, you most charming beauty, who could have gone unadorned then? Yet you knew the feminine art of beauty. Your hair was knotted; your gown was fastened at the throat: your flounce and skirt were tricked out with such pretty gewgaws as stole my heart away. Perhaps you thought I did not notice all this. Perhaps I was not myself conscious that I noticed them. But, Dear Heart, now that I do not see them any more, I notice their lack. It pains me. Not that my love is tied and pinned to you by any such trifles, for you are more than life to me. Yet such things were not trifles.

My patient, worn-out wife, let me tell you, you are to blame. I do not like to see my daughters dressed so much better than their mother. I haven't a daughter among the four who is so handsome as their mother was when I first knew her. Even now, with all the years of work and worry, only rig her out—let me tell you, neighbors—as other women are dressed, and the village has not the equal of my wife I have the feeling often that her careless appearance reflects on me. It is as if I were unwilling to dress her as well as my daughters. And—do you see what I am driving at?—my wife insists on my new coat, reminds me of my old style hat, and that I need this and that. But she? Now look at her! All this does reflect on me. Neighbors say, "Do look how spruce Mr. Harker appears; then see how old-fashioned and neglected his wife appears." Of course they add, "He always was a very selfish fellow." Whereas, the facts are, it it is not my fault at all. I cannot induce Mattie to attend to herself; and I argue, I remind her how ill-mannered it appears to see such a difference between the dress of man and wife. I leave her money for some new thing. Then I am indeed indignant when I find she has spent it for one of our girls! Last month I just walked into a store and purchased the material for a new gown, sent it up to the house, marked "*For Mrs. Mattie Harker.*" Judge of my vexation yesterday when the family dressmaker was fitting it on our Kittie, our eldest daughter!"

You are to blame, I say. Not that there is danger of anything ever alienating my affections from you! You are too necessary to me. You are all the world to me. I could not live without you. I should never live without you. I should never fall in love with the gay wife of another man. I am wholly unmoved when at the Island I see all the finery that airs itself there—wasp-waisted, Worth-imported, glittering and powdered with diamond dust. Pshaw, no! I'm too old, too true, too sensible a man. Am I not a bank president, with my sober business and respectable position to preserve? But, Mrs. Mattie, let me whisper it in your ear. This is just the way pandemonium got into Smathly's family. Never was a better fellow than Smathly, nor a lovlier woman than his wife. But she neglected herself; thought it was no matter, how she appeared in attire after "they were old married people." If Smathly had had my depth of character, now, it would not have mattered so much. And if he had been in a bank, instead of a hotel, it probably wouldn't have happened. But it did happen, and she lost him.

A mother of a family has no right to cease to be a companion to her husband simply at the dictates of her children. Of course the children will have the measels, and there will be times when the mother heart must stand by, night and day. But you are to blame madam, if you let this go too far. When my wife is invited by me to go to a concert and she says. "Oh, dear! I'm too tired. Take Kittie!" it makes me mad. It hurts. Time was when she did not refuse my invitation. Didn't she, only last week, cooly propose that I "take Kittie" on my trip West and "show her Niagara Falls, she's never seen them," when I had proposed to take her dear, tired self away and give her a rest of two weeks from all the children. "Kittie indeed! I'll take the child to Niagara at the proper time; if I don't, why, Niagara will keep till her husband takes her there on a wedding trip. I say wife was to blame in all this. But how can I tell her so? She would only burst into tears, complain of her hard lot, and break me all up. So I have written this, and I am going to put the paper, when printed, where she will be sure to read it. Perhaps some other fellow will do the same.

Mother.

More and more as we grow we appreciate the finer traits that are in human nature. Men going out into life never forget the mother who stays at home, and who has presented to them a nature with reason dominant, with a high moral sense, with refined and sweet affections, with taste, with patience, with gentleness, with self-sacrifice, and with disinterestedness. A man may go through all the world, he may run through every stage of belief and unbelief, he may destroy his fineness in every respect, but there will be one picture that he cannot efface. Living or dying, there will rise before him, like a morning star, the beauty of that remembered goodness which he called "mother."

The Earth is Drying up

All rivers and small streams in America are visibly smaller than they were twenty-five years ago. Country brooks in which men now living were accustomed to fish and bathe in their boyhood have, in many cases, totally disappeared in consequence of the failure of springs and rains which once fed them. The level of the great lakes is falling year by year. There are many piers on the shores of lakeside cities which vessels once approached with ease, but which now reach the water's edge. Harbour surveyors will tell you that all harbours are shallower than they were even a decade ago. This is not due to the gradual deposit of earth brought down by rivers, as some may suppoose nor to the refuse from city sewers. The harbour of Toronto has almost ceased to be of use, despite the fact that it has been dredged out to the permanent rock.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, BIRTH-MARKS, MOLES AND ALL facial blemishes permanently removed by Electrolysis, DR. FOSTER, Electrician, 133 Church Street, Toronto.

FOR THE
Handkerchief,
THE
Toilet
AND
The Bath.

Beware of Counterfeits.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S
Florida Water.

The Universal Perfume.

Losing And Keeping.

The children kept coming, one by one,
Till the boys were five and the girls were three;
And the big brown house was alive with fun
From the basement floor to the old roof-tree;
Like garden flowers the little ones grew,
Nurtured and trained with the tenderest care;
Warmed by love's sunshine bathed in its dew,
They bloomed into beauty, like roses rare.

One of the boys grew weary one day,
And leaning his head on his mother's breast,
He said I am tired and cannot play—
Let me sit awhile on your knee, and rest,"
She cradled him close in her fond embrace,
She hushed him to sleep with her sweetest song;
And rapturous love still lighted his face,
When his spirit had joined the heavenly throng.

Then the eldest girl, with her thoughtful eyes,
Who stood "where the brook and the river meet,"
Stole softly away into paradise,
Ere "the river" had reached her slender feet.
While the father's eyes on the grave are bent,
The mother looked upward beyond the skies:
"Our treasures," she whispered, "are only lent,
Our darlings were angels in earth's disguise.

The years flew by and the children began
With longing to think of the world outside;
And, as each in his turn became a man,
The boys proudly went from their father's side;
The girls were women, so gentle and fair,
That lovers were speedy to woo and win;
And, with orange blossoms in braided hair,
The old home was left new homes to begin.

So, one by one, the children have gone—
The boys were five and the girls were three—
And the big brown house is gloomy and lone,
With two old folks for its company.
They talk to each other about the past,
As they sit together at eventide,
And say, "All the children we keep at last
Are the boy and girl who in childhood died."

Essay—By a Husband.

I hate door-mats. Always stumbling over them. Had a glorious rain last night; and when I came in the house this noon with the five dogs at my heels, Jane called out, "Wipe your feet, Joseph; Ann has just wiped the floor." What do you keep a girl for? Does Jane think for an instant I would care to track up a dirty floor? Goodness! no. Give me the floor just mopped and I print my coat of arms from one end of it to the other, and let the dogs fill up the chinks, Bless dogs, anyway; with their playful little diggings and scratchings and frisky bow-wows. Such company for a man. Jane hates dogs.

Flies? Why, I often leave the dinning-room door open on purpose to let the little creatures come in. It is a fallacy that flies love heated better than pleasantly cool rooms. No such thing. When I open the door you should see them swarm in; cuddling among the folds of the portiere curtains, playing tag on the new ceiling, dancing on the sugar-bowl—happy little things. One lit on my nose at the dinner-table, and rather than disturb him I kept perfectly still, not daring to chew the beefsteak I held in my mouth. Tears fairly rolled down my cheeks. By and by he, supposing Jane and I were one, no doubt, lit on the other nose of us; and when I called my wife a goose for slapping at him, she said something real pert and left the table. Jane can't abide flies.

Next thing she was brushing up little heaps of cigar ashes and burnt matches I had carefully scattered over the carpet the evening before. Good for moths, you know. Jane says there are no moths in the house, and the ashes make the carpet grimy. Poor Jane!

I took the cat up stairs yesterday and laid her on the spare bed. Dear little kit-cat. She did so enjoy Jane's satin quilt. Cats like neat, soft places where they can lie and sleep. It did my soul good to hear her purr, and see her claw at the quilt, just as though she was kneading bread. Jane drove her off. She don't even like cats.

Poor Jane! she is quite a bore at times.

Keep celery fresh by rolling it in brown paper sprinkled with water, and then in a damp cloth, and put it in a cool, dark place. Before preparing it for the table, submerge it in cold water and let it stand for an hour. It will be found very crisp.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the **Bowels, Kidneys and Liver**, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time **Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility**; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of **BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.**

For Sale by all Dealers.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

"TRUTH"
-:Bible Competition:-
NO. 20.

An Immense List of Rewards.

An unusual interest was taken in the last TRUTH Competition and at the urgent request of many, the publisher offers one more. The list of rewards is very large and the prizes valuable. They are so arranged that even if you do not see this notice on its first appearance, you have as good an opportunity for winning a reward as if you had, providing always that your answers are correct. Do not delay, however, any longer than you can possibly help.

The questions are as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found: 1, WINGS; 2. LEGS; 3, FEET.

FIRST REWARDS.

First, one Very Fine Toned, Well Finished Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm	$500
Next seven, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, excellent movement, $40	280
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, $7	105
Next ten, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, $30	300
Next twenty-nine, each a complete Set of Dickens' Works, handsomely bound in cloth, 10 vols., $20	580
Next fifty, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, $3	15

SECOND REWARDS.

First one, Fifty Dollars Cash	50
Next ten, each Five Dollars in cash	50
Next fifteen, each a Superbly Bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at $15	225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch good movement, $45	315
Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Dore Bible Gallery, $7	133
Next twenty-one, each a Fine Silver Plated Sugar Shell	21

THIRD REWARDS.

First one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm	500
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper cruet, new design, $5	55
Next five, each a Beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40	200
Next twenty-five, each a Queen Victoria's New Book, $3	75
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, $15	165
Next thirty, each a Silver Plated Pickle Cruet, $5	150

FOURTH REWARDS.

First seven, an Elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, especially made for TRUTH	350
Second five, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 44 pieces, specially imported, $40	200
Next seventeen, each a Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, beautifully illustrated by Gustave Dore, handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book, $10	170
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound Volume of Life in the Highlands, $2	36
Next one, Family Knitting Machine	50

FIFTH REWARDS.

First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash	100
Next five, each Ten Dollars in cash	50
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at $15	225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch good movement, $60	420
Next nineteen, each a well-bound volume of Chambers' Dictionary, $2	38
Next eleven, each a Gold Plated Lead Pencil, $1	11

SIXTH REWARDS.

First one, an Elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian Firm	500
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, new design, $5	55
Next five, each a Beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (5 pieces) $40	200
Next twenty-five each a well-bound copy of Queen Victoria's New Book, $3	75
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, $15	165
Next thirty, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, $2	60

SEVENTH REWARDS.

First one, Twenty Dollars in Gold	20
Next seven, a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, $7	49
Next eleven, five dollars in cash	55
Next seventeen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, $3	51
Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, "Asking a Blessing," $1	29

EIGHTH REWARDS.

First seven, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, specially made for TRUTH	
Next ten, each a fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces, specially imported, $25	200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works, bound in cloth, 5 vols, $15	255
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of World's Encyclopedia, $2	36
Next fifteen, each a Fine Black Cashmere Dress	150

NINTH REWARDS.

First one, Twenty-five Dollars in Cash	25
Next seven, each a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, $7	49
Next eleven, each a fine Black Silk Dress, $30	330
Next seventeen, each a Ladies Fine Gold Gem Ring, $7	119
Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, "Asking a Blessing," $1	29
Next twenty-five each a copy of "War in the Soudan," $2	50

TENTH REWARDS.

First, One Very Fine Toned and Well Finished Upright Piano	650
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, excellent movements, $50	250
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring $7	105
Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, $2	82
Next twenty-nine, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, $3	87
Next twenty-five, each a very fine pair German Silver Sugar Tongs, $2	50

ELEVENTH REWARDS.

First one, One Hundred Dollars in Cash	100
Next five, each $10 in cash	50
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at $15	225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement $60	420
Next nineteen, each a well-bound volume of Farm Treasury $2	38

TWELTH REWARDS.

First, One Very Fine Toned and Well Finished Upright Piano, Rosewood case	550
Next fifteen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, $3	45
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' solid Gold Gem Ring, $7	105
Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, $2	82
Next twenty-nine, each a Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, beautifully illustrated by Gustave Dore, handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book, $10	200

THIRTEENTH REWARDS.

First ten, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, $30	300
Next seven, each a beautiful bound copy of Dore Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, $7	49
Next eleven, each Five Dollars Cash	55
Next seventeen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, $3	51
Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation Steel Engraving of "Asking a Blessing," $1	29

FOURTEENTH REWARDS.

First one, an elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm	500
Next eleven, each a World's Encyclopedia $5	55
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40	200
Next twenty-five, each a well bound copy of Dr. Napheys Valuable Book $2	50
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, $15	165

FIFTEENTH REWARDS.

First seven, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, specially made for *Truth*, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Hanley, England	500
Second five, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces, specially imported by *Truth*, $40	200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's Works bound in cloth, 5 vols, $15	255
Next eighteen, each a World's Encyclopedia, $2	36

A few names of winners in previous competions, E. Worth, 53 Markham Street, Toronto, Piano; R. Hext, Brantford, Piano; Noel Marchell, manager Smith Coal Co., Toronto, House and Lot; Geo. Black, 41 East Avenue S., Hamilton, Piano; Caroline Pudsey 119 Berkeley Street, Toronto, $50 cash; besides hundreds of Gold Watches, Silver and China Tea Services, Black Silk Dress Patterns, Bibles, etc., etc.

One dollar must be sent for four months' subscription to *Truth* with your answers. The three answers must be correct to secure any prize. Three dollars in the regular price for a year's subscription, you are therefore charged nothing extra for the privilege of competing. We retain the right to return the money and deny anyone the privilege of competing.

Truth contains every week, 32 pages of choice interesting reading for the home circle, and is well worth the amount charged, irrespective of any prize. Lively, pithy, pointed editorial paragraphs on current events, political and otherwise, from an unbiassed standpoint for father's reading. Contributors' Page for all thoughtful readers, Tested Domestic Recipes, and Medical Health Notes for mothers; Latest Fashions, artistically illustrated, for the young ladies; Choice Music and Young Folks' page for girls and boys; Copyrighted Stories and Serial Tales for all the family as well as many other attractions. Full lists of the prize winners will be published in *Truth* immediately at the close of the competition, with street and number in cities where given, and post offices addresses for town, village and country, so all may be assured of the utmost fairness.

The distribution of the prizes will be in the hands of disinterested parties and the prizes given strictly in the order letters arrive in *Truth* office. Fifteen days after the 31st July will be allowed for letters from distant points. About 135,000 persons have received rewards in previous competitions. Don't delay. Send now.

Address, THE PUBLISHER TRUTH, 73 to 81 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Dainty Sailor Hats.

The sailor hats will be worn for outing purposes more than ever, and those provided for the wife and daughters of the Prince of Wales are simple enough to be copied by the sweet girls of our own country. They are made of light weight white serge, have a head band of oiled silk, and are simply trimmed with a serge ribbon and an enameled buckle of another pattern. An inch, or even a half inch, difference in the height of the crown or the width of the brim makes all the difference in the world as to the hat suiting your own especial face and will well repay the thought and care thus bestowed. While many persons contend that they are from their simple outlines becoming to nearly every one, the general verdict is that they are not for the woman with a big nose, with ugly ears or with a heavy lower face, and the woman with just these features—that is, the big nose and the heavy lower face—is very apt to be just the sort of woman who cares but little for the frivols of life, and who yearns for just that simple form of head wear. Too bad that she may not indulge her liking, but if she does it only makes her look absurd.—*Chicago Journal.*

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, BIRTH-MARKS, MOLES AND ALL facial blemishes permanently removed by Electrolysis. DR. FOSTER, Electrician, 133 Church Street, Toronto.

Silver, washed after each meal in very hot water, with sometimes a little ammonia in it, will be bright and shining for a long time without other cleaning. When a more thorough cleaning is necessary, use any good silver polish, being sure to rub lightly, as the bright lustre soon wears dull, and if it be plated, soon wears off.

The Book of Lubon.

A man without wisdom lives in a Fool's Paradise. A Treatise especially written on Diseases of man containing Facts For Men of All Ages! Should be read by Old, Middle Aged, and Young Men. Proven by the sale of Half a Million to be the most popular, because written in language plain, forcible and instructive. Practical presentation of Medical Common Sense. Valuable to invalids who are weak and nervous and exhausted, showing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, critics, and the people. Sanitary, Social, Science, Subjects. Also gives a description of Specific No. 8, The Great Health Renewer; Marvel of Healing and Koh-i-noor of Medicines. It largely explains the mysteries of life. By its teachings, health may be maintained. The book will teach you how to make life worth living. If every adult in the civilized world would read, understand and follow our views, there would be world of Physical, intellectual and moral giants. This book will be found a truthful presentation of facts, calculated to do good. The book of Lubon, the Talisman of Health brings bloom to the cheeks, strength to the body and joy to the heart. It is a message to the Wise and Otherwise. Lubon's Specific No. 8 the Spirit of Health. Those who obey the laws of this book will be crowned with a fadeless wreath. Vast numbers of men hove felt the power and testified to the virtue of Lubon's Specific No. 8. All Men Who are Broken Down from over work or other causes not mentioned in the above, should send for and read this valuable treatise, which will be sent to any address, sealed, on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay postage. Address all orders to M. V. LUBON, room 15, 50 Front Street E., Toronto, Canada.

COVERTON'S NIPPLE OIL.

For cracked or sore nipples, also for hardening the nipples before confinement. This oil wherever used has been found superior to all preparations. One trial is sufficient to establish its merits. Price 25c. Should your druggist not keep it, enclose us the above amount and six cents for postage, C. J. COVERTON & CO., Druggists, Montreal.

Completely Cured.

THOUSANDS DECLARE IT SO.

GENTS,—It gives me pleasure beyond expression to certify that your **St. Leon Water** has completely cured me of Rheumatism, Headache and Indigestion from which I suffered for a good many years, a cure which no other medicine or drug could effect. Publish this if you desire. MADAME LEGER, Montreal.

The Palace Hotel is open at Springs in P.Q. for the reception of visitors.

For particulars address the

St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Ltd,

Toronto, Ont.,

Or to St. Leon Springs, Que.

An Amazon Queen.

There is something peculiarly appropriate in the fact that the leading general and vassal sovereign of the Emperor of Abyssina, who claims to be able to trace his descent in an unbroken line to the biblical Queen of Sheba, should be a woman. Queen Jostero Mastero commands the magnificent Galla cavalry division of Menelek's army. A member of the warlike Galla nation, she first became connected with the Abyssinian Empire in a rather peculiar manner, in 1887. It was just about that time that Prince Area Selassie the only son and heir-apparent of the late Negus Johannes, was sojourning with his tutor and mentor, Gen. or "Ras" Michael, in Sulul, on the Gallo-Abyssinian border, where he fell in with the only son of the Galla queen. On one day, when a fair was being held in the town, the two young princes amused themselves by performing divers feats of equestrianism, among others that known as tent pegging, in which the rider transfixes with his lance a tent peg stuck in the ground while dashing past at full gallop. The Galla prince excelled in this particular form of sport, and Prince Area Selassie far behind. The latter, loaded to fury by the jeers which his frequent failures to touch the peg excited among the onlookers in the market-place, at length ended by drawing his revolver and firing point-blank at the queen's son who only escaped with his life and sustained several serious wounds. The Galla queen vowed vengeance. She summoned a body of 3,000 cavalry to arms, placed herself at their head, and three day's later inflicted such a lesson on the arrogant Prince Area as he was not likely to forget. Three hundred of his followers and adherents were massacred in cold blood by her mounted warriors, and the young imperial prince was subjected to ignominous treatment before being allowed to take his departure from the district.

Curiously enough, his father, the

FANATIC OLD NEGUS JOHN,

instead of taking steps to punish the lady, determined to win her over to his side. He was shrewd enough to realize that such a dashing cavalry general would be more preferable as friend than as foe. He therefore lost no time in contracting an offensive and defensive alliance with her; almost overwhelmed her with honors, presents, dignities, and finally entrusted her with the command of his magnificent cavalry, which is recruited mainly from the members of the Galla tribe, which is known throughout the world for its superb equestrianism and for its perfect physique. It was at the head of the imperial cavalry that she took part in the 1888 campaign against the Italians, and it was she who was held responsible for the terrible massacre of the Arab and Mussulman inhabitants of the district of Ailet, were rightly or wrongly suspected of entertaining sympathies for the Italians.

Emperor John was subsequently speared to death by the Soudanese dervishes in the battle of Metemmeh, his only son having come to an untimely end some six months previously by means of poison, which is believed to have been administered by one of the principal officers of the army, possibly by the Galla queen herself. She has therefore, given her allegiance to the new Emperor, or Negus Meneleck, and constituted not only one of the most picturesque, but also the most important feature of the army with which the Ethopian monarch marched toward Adowah. Although no longer young, her appearance is asserted to have retained a certain number of charms, among which may be included a most commanding and impressive carriage and presence. Her apparel is magnificent, according to Abyssinian notions, and her wrists, ankles throat and hair are decked with gold amulets and jewels. She is always splendidly mounted on a horse, which she rides seated astride, man-fashion, and which she manages with marvelous skill.

The Sensible Housekeepers of the Future

I wish that it were in my power to persuade young girls who wonder what they shall do to earn their own living, that it is really better to choose some business that is in the line of a woman's natural work. There is great repugnance at the thought of being a servant, but a girl is no less a servant to the man who owns a shop where she stands behind the counter all day than she is where she waits upon the table or cooks the dinner in a pleasant house; and to my mind there would not be a moment's question between the two ways of going out to service. The wages are better, the freedom and liberty are double in one what they are in the other. If, instead of the sham service that is given by ignorant and really overpaid servants to-day, sensible Canadian girls who are anxious to be taking care of themselves and earning good wages, would fit themselves at the cooking schools, or in any way they found available, they would not wait long for employment, and they would be valued immensely by their employers. When one realizes how hard it is to find good women for every kind of work in our houses, and what prices many rich people are more than willing to pay if they can be well suited, it is a wonder more girls are not ready to seize the chances. It is because such work has been almost always so carelessly and badly done that it has fallen into disrepute and the doers of it have taken such a low rank. Nobody takes the trouble to fit herself properly, but women trust to being taught and finding out their duties after they assume such positions—not before.

Trouble at Melita.

Mrs. W. H. Brown of Melita, Man., states that two of her children and two others belonging to a neighbor, were cured of the worst form of summer complaint by one bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, nature's specific for all summer complaints.

Red morocco and Russian leather is used for shawl-straps.

Oarsmen and Canoeists, all chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum, keeps the throat moist.

The belt buckle has shifted round to the back of the Summer waist.

Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes:—I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, I procured a bottle, and it did me so much good that I got another, and before it was used, I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild-fire, and makes cures wherever it is used.

Wreaths of cress and box make a yellow straw hat a thing of beauty.

If the ladies would abandon cosmetics and more generally keep their blood pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, naturally fair complexions would be the rule instead of the exception, as at present. Pure blood is the best beautifier.

What has become of the pert lorgnette and where is the girl with the monocle?

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs twenty-five cents to try it and be convinced.

Silk tissues that are used for trimming are doubled before plaiting. Heavier material is pinked or hemmed.

(First Relief, Ultimately a Cure. These are the successive) effects of one of the most deservedly popular remedies in the Dominion, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which reforms an irregular condition of the bowels and liver, invigorates the stomach, renews digestion, and changes the current of the blood from a sluggish and turbid into a pure, rapid, and fertilizing stream.

An ounce of rum thrown over a dish of sliced fruit will produce the ambrosial sauce fashion is raving about.

The coughing and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* obviates all this, entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, soreness, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

Pretty little mignonette boxes, planted with the poet's flower, are used on toilet and dressing tables for a bit of sweet odor.

Party Politics.

When party politics run high bad feeling and bad blood are often caused, but all parties agree that when bad blood arises from ordinary causes the only satisfactory cure is Burdock Blood Bitters, nature's blood purifier. Recommended by the medical profession.

Pocket mirrors are rimmed with platinum and backed with enamel work. Occasionally some miniature painting is displayed.

Singers and public speakers all chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum, for the voice. 5 cents.

Quacks and nostrum venders offer lotions for the removal of moth spots, but their farragoes are worthless. They will not do.

Probably no modern medicine has obtained wider notoriety, within a given time, than the really wonderful SLOCUM's OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. To sufferers from lung troubles we say: take no other. As all druggists sell it, it is easily obtained.

The lace ulster is pining for favor. With Chantilly at its present height most women will endeavor to find a better investment for $75.

Mr. T. C. Berchard, public school teacher, Norland, writes: "During the fall of 1881 I was much troubled with Biliousness and Dyspepsia, and part of the time was unable to attend to the duties of my profession. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure was recommended to me, and I have much pleasure in stating that I was entirely cured by using one bottle. I have not had an attack of my old complaint since, and have gained fifteen pounds in weight."

Gold mounting is now being used on cardcases, pocket and prayer books, shopping and visiting tablets in lieu of the blackened silver corners.

Ayer's Hair Vigor restores color and vitality to weak and grey hair. Through its healing and cleansing qualities, it prevents the accumulation of dandruff and cures all scalp diseases. The best hair-dressing ever made, and by far the most economical.

Mushroom is the fashionable shade for gloves, low shoes and leather goods such as side-bags, coin-purses and field-glass case and belt.

N. McRae, Wyebridge, writes:—"I have sold large quantities of *Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil*; it is used for colds, sore throat, croup, &c., and in fact for any affection of the throat it works like magic. It is a sure cure for burns, wounds, and bruises."

Now there is a jockey sun-shade, with a peek cap for a knob and a cover of bright red, blue, green, orange or purple, striped with white.

Some of the beaded bonnets are made of horse hair. Lined with some bright silk to throw out the design the effect is gayety materalized.

Used by all bicyclists, etc., Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold everywhere. 5 cents.

The Swedish glove is a sassafras kid of Suede finish and elbow length intended to tuck under the bishop sleeve just below the bend of the arm.

The Root of Evil.

Dyspepsia and constipation are the sources of various diseases, but root and branch may be removed by using Burdock Blood Bitters according to directions. It is endorsed by the press, the public and the profession, and cannot be excelled for the cure of constipation, dyspepsia and all diseases arising therefrom.

Swedish embroidery is the rage. The stitches are long and easily mastered and the use of colored silk and white canvas or linen makes the work interesting.

If a few Grains of Common Sense could be infused into the thick noodles of those who perpetually and alternately irritate and weaken their stomachs and bowels with drastic purgatives, they would use the highly accredited and healthful laxative and tonic, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which causes "good digestion to wait on appetite, and health on both."

Nothing so suddenly obstructs the perspiration as sudden transitions from heat to cold. Heat rarifies the blood, quickens the circulation and increases the perspiration, but when these are suddenly checked the consequences must be bad. The most common cause of disease is obstructed perspiration, or what commonly goes by the name of catching cold. Coughs, colds, sore throat, etc., if attended to in time, are easily subdued, but if allowed to run their own course, generally prove the fore-runner of more dangerous diseases. Nine-tenths of the consumptives date their affliction from a **neglected cold**, and the diseases that are caused by wet feet, damp clothes, or exposure are more numerous than are generally supposed. One of the most efficacious medicines for all diseases of the throat and lungs is Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which frees the lungs from viscid phlegm by changing the secretions from a diseased to a healthy state.

The only protection for the redundant letter-writer is note-paper, 3½ by 6 inches. Onion and porcelain blue, robin's egg green and shell-gray are the tints most admired.

Safe, Certain, Prompt, Economic.—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*—a standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, kidney troubles, excoriations, sores, lameness and physical pain.

We complain that life is short, and yet we never lose an opportunity of throwing away a greater portion of it watching the home team trying to play ball.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

Some young men live so fast that watches left to them by their parents lose a couple of hours a day.

Mr. John Magwood, Victoria Road, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a splendid medicine. My customers say they never used anything so effectual. Good results immediately follow its use. I know its value from personal experience, having been troubled for 9 or 10 years with Dyspepsia, and since using it digestion goes on without that depressed feeling so well known to dyspeptics. I have no hesitation in recommending it in any case of Indigestion, Constipation, Heartburn, or troubles arising from a disordered stomach."

A chemist says wood can be made palatable and nourishing. Tisn't the kind of board we are hankering after, however.

Only a Sister.

"My sister and I each tried a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters with great success for bilious headache. We recommend it to all as a specific for headache."

Miss Carrie Scherer, Baden, Ont.

We saw a bald headed man in the very last row, but it was at church, not the opera.

Joseph Rusan, Percy, writes:—"I was induced to try *Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil* for a lameness which troubled me for three or four years, and I found it the best article I ever tried. It has been a great blessing to me.

A red scent can frequently be in an Indian wigwam.

H. A McLaughlin, Norland, writes: "I am sold out of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. It sells well, and I find in every instance it has proven satisfactory. I have reason to believe it the best preparation of the kind in the market." It cures Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver, Constipation, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Female Complaints, etc.

An eat complaint—What a good appetite you have!

Moderate gum chewing positively healthful. Chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. 5 cents.

A pawnbroker, after all, is but a poor, loan man.

History of 15 Years.

For fifteen years we have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a family medicine for summer complaints and diarrhœa, and we never had anything to equal it. We highly recommend it.

Samuel Webb, Corbett, Ont.

Carelessness in measuring and preparing a dish is often the cause of failure. When a recipe is found good, it should be followed exactly.

"It is a great public benefit."—These significant words were used in relation to *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness.

The excellence of baked potatoes depends upon eating as soon as done, and not before. They are worth less till cooked, and dry rapidly as soon as baked through.

How to cure Indigestion. Chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum after meals. 5 cents.

It is not only an economy for home-makers to keep an account book, but it is a great satisfaction to know, from year to year, exactly what has been expended.

As Age Creeps on Apace, the various functions of the body grow weaker in their preformance. Old people who suffer from increasing indigestion, torpidity of the liver, and constipation, should give renewed impetus to the action of the stomach, bile-secreting organs and bowels, with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, from which aid is never sought in vain. It works wonders as a blood purifier.

Short Girls As Kissers.

Little women, as a general thing, have the better of it, as far as kissing a man is concerned, because they have to reach up. That generally necessitates putting a hand on each shoulder, and the human representative of a Newfoundland dog is charmed to his soul because he thinks the little woman likes him so much. The woman who has to reach up to a man can always control him. Her size acquits her of her folly, and he is certain to regard her as a dear little thing, and never see her Machiavellian schemes for ruling him. Look at Cleopatra; she was little. Helen of Troy barely reached to the shoulders of the man who loved her; and in later days Catharine of Russia and Mary Stuart were both slender and rather small. Yes, sir, the small woman is certain to win, and I'm not sorry I'm small, writes Pansy Blossom.

When And Whom To Marry.

Whom to marry and when to marry are grave questions that confront many people who have not yet come to feel that marriage is a lottery, says the Boston *Globe*.

Hence arise questions like the following.

1. How can I tell when I love?
2. Can I afford to marry poor?
3. What sort of a person will I be happy with?
4. Will I always be loved?
5. Will I always love?
6. Will I ever see somebody whom I will love more.
7. Shall I marry young or shall I wait until I am mature?
8. Should a man marry a widow?
9. Should a girl marry a widower?
10. Is it always well to marry if one loves?
11. Is there love at first sight?
12. What is love at first sight?

And many others.

Ye who are married can best answer many of these questions. Only one who has made experiments in marriage in all its phases could singly answer all of them. And not unlikely the result of such experiment would prove anything but edifying.

I am therefore prepared only to give the result of my own matrimonial boat as a partial guide, completing the latter by giving the results of other men's and many women's ventures or marriages.

Probably the first approach of that tender feeling known as love is felt when at school a red cheek seems to the average boy lovely as a peach and he respects the possessor for her gift. Maybe a big blue eye strikes him as prettier than any he has seen in the picture-book mother bought him for a Christmas present and he wishes that he might have this living picture-book near by to look at when he chooses.

Now, she with the red cheek or she with the big blue eye may see across the aisle in the little schoolroom a bright little fellow whose clothes fit as nicely and look as pretty as those on the doll she takes delight in fondling at home.

For a doll is the first object outside the immediate household for which your little daughter shows any liking. The doll is her beau ideal. To win her favor one must conform to that model.

Its shape, the color of its hair and eyes, its clothing speak to her language mystic and full of meaning. To her it is the symbol of mother's care, first love, wifely devotion, and perhaps the incentive of those flatteries that in after years may turn some poor fellow's head.

The influence of the doll is never lost; it survives through life. Behind it all is the desire of possessing something to respond to the feelings, and rather than not have anything we too frequently take what does not satisfy our desires.

And as our impressions of what we need are true or false, so will possession bring joy or sorrow; and when the question comes to us, Whom and when shall we marry? we should inquire into our needs and ascertain just what sort of a partner will supply our needs.

The question should never resolve itself into whether blonde should marry blonde, whether brunet should marry brunet, or whether partners should be of the same complexion. An investigation, on the complexion hypothesis might prove entertaining, but would I fear, bring us back to where we started. But to my answers:

1. You are in love when you absolutely needs object of your affection.

2. A poor person can afford to marry if marriage will increase the possibilities of escape from poverty.

3. You will be happy with the one whose tastes, education, and moral views are similar to your own.

4. You will always be loved if you observe the above rules, and do not lose sight of the fact that

"Still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living;
Love scarce is love that does not know
The sweetness of forgiving."

5. You always will love if you realize that obedience to duty is the only medicine for conscience, and that perfect happiness, in this world at least, is but the shadow of a dream.

6. You will see somebody whom you will love more when your sense of duty becomes blunted, which will only happen in case you have not observed the first rule laid down.

7. Marry young if your nature has developed fully; if not, wait until your nature has developed. Rather than marry when undeveloped never marry at all.

8. Marry a widow according to rules laid down previously.

9. Same as No. 8.

10. Always marry if you truly love, but do not confound fancy or infatuation with the noble passion.

11 and 12. There is a love at first sight, but it is simply a quick and mutual apprehension of similarity in tastes, education, and moral views.

A Child Saved.

My little boy was taken very bad with diarrhœa, he was very delicate and got so low we had no hope of his life, but a lady friend recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and although he could only bear a few drops at a time he got well. It saved my child.

MRS. WM. STEWART, Champville, Ont.

Postage Stamps.

Will pay cash for an old collection or for good specimens of the Early Canadian Issues.

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THE LADIES' FRIEND. THE PAIN DESTROYER.

THE WONDER OF HEALING!

CURES CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, PILES, WOUNDS, BURNS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND HEMORRHAGES OF ALL KINDS.

Used Internal'y & Externally. Prices 50c. $1. $1.75

POND'S EXTRACT CO. New York & London

For

Cramps, Chills, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera-Morbus and all Bowel Complaints,

NO REMEDY EQUALS

PAIN-KILLER

AND

49 Years' Experience proves that PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is the best Family Remedy for

Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Toothache.

Sold Everywhere at 25c. and 50c. a Bottle.

Beware of Counterfeits and worthless Imitations.

How the King Came Home.

"Oh, why are you waiting, children,
And why are you watching the way?"
"We are watching because the folks have said
The king comes home to day—
The king on his prancing charger,
In his shining golden crown,
Oh, the bells will ring, the glad birds sing,
When the king comes back to the town."

"Run home to your mothers, children
In the land is pain and woe,
And the king beyond the forest,
Fights with the Paynim foe,"
"But," said the little children,
"The fight will soon be past,
We fain would wait, though the hour be late
He will surely come at last."

So the eager children waited
Till the closing of the day,
Till their eyes were tired of gazing
Along the dusty way;
But there came no sound of music,
No flashing, golden crown;
And tears they shed as they crept to bed,
When the round red sun went down,

But at the hour of midnight,
While the weary children slept,
Was heard within the city
The voice of them that wept;
Along the moonlit highway
Toward the sacred dome,
Dead on his shield, from the well-fought field—
'Twas thus the king came home.

God's doorstep is better than the devil's palace.

Love is free, but it takes money to go to housekeeping.

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY EXAMINATIONS, ORAL OR WRITTEN.

Mrs. Mendon, 238 McCaul Street.

FREE—In order to more fully introduce our Inhalation Treatment, we will cure cases of Catarrh, Asthma or Bronchitis, free of all cost, for recommendations after cure. Poor or rich invited. Call or address Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church Street, Toronto.

DR. NICHOLS'

Food of Health

For Children and Adults.

Invaluable for Indigestion and Constipation.

FRANKS & CO., London, England, Proprietors.

Montreal Office, 17 St. John Street.

Dr. T. R. Allinson, L.R.C.P., London, says: "I like Dr. Nichols' 'Food of Health' very much and find it of great dietetic value in many diseases. As a breakfast dish I prefer it to oatmeal. For the regulation of the bowels it cannot be surpassed." Send for sample FREE.

Consumption Cured.

CANABIS SATIVA INDIAN REMEDY.

Send for testimonials.

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133 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

AGENTS FOR CANADA.

A RADICAL CURE FOR ALL FEMALE DISEASES.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES—I want reliable Lady Agents all through Canada to sell the safe, pleasant and permanent Cure for all Female Complaints, widely known throughout America as "Dr. Kilmer's Olive Branch." Reliable and satisfactory references can be furnished. It has wrought marvellous cures. Samples Free. It is a mild vegetable remedy; no nauseous drugs contained in it. An entirely new method of treating female diseases. One month's Treatment only $1. Write or call for samples, testimonials, particulars and prices. MRS. R. W. TROTTER, General Agent for Canada, 5 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

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Taught with the use of the Dressmakers **MAGIC SCALE.** The tailor system improved and simplified. Perfect Fitting Sleeve a Specialty. Dresses and linings cut.

CORSETS

made to order. Satisfaction guaranteed

WIRE DRESS FORMS

For draping, etc.

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JUST SOUTH OF COLLEGE.

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THE LEADING

PORTRAIT - - ARTISTS

OF CANADA.

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What everybody says must be so, and they all say that our Portraits are the best.

1.—They will last as well as oil.
2.—Will look well in any light.
3.—Will never crack and peal off or fade.
4.—Are equal to a steel engraving.

A call at our rooms will convince you that the above is true.

Canada Truss Factory,

ESTABLISHED 1856.

F. Gross,

Gross' Chest Expanding Steel Shoulder Brace

Before Using

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Send for Circulars and Price List.

712 Craig St., near Victoria Square, Montreal.

Manufacturer of all kinds of

INSTRUMENTS FOR PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES, ARTIFICIAL LIMBS, ETC.

Elastic Stockings, etc., on hand and made to order.

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TRUSSES

Treatment of Hernia with Mechanical Appliances.

The newly-invented Spring Truss covered with soft or hard rubber, is one of the best and easiest Trusses to wear. It can be washed and used while bathing. It is admirably adapted for adults and infants.

DIRECTIONS FOR MEASURING AND ORDERING TRUSSES—Send circumference, one inch below highest projection of hip bone. State if for right, left or double, also age and sex. If for both sides, if one is worse than the other. Also state if you have hard work to do.

Price—Adults, single $3 or $4; double $5 or $6. Postage 25 cents.
Children " 2 or 2.50 " $3 or $4 " 15 "

Remit amount and I will forward it by Parcel Post.

My Patent Limbs are light and durable. Send for Circulars.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

DOES CURE

CONSUMPTION

In its First Stages.

Palatable as Milk.

Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

12 BEAUTIFUL Chinese Handkerchiefs, with colored borders very elegant; also a genuine Asiatic Folding Fan, hand painted and very artistic. All by mail 25 cents, (stamps or silver) Address Canadian Novelty Co., Montreal, Q.

$45 SEWING MACHINE FOR $1.

Singer Improved High Arm, 4 Drawers

Extension Drop Leaf, Full Set Attachments. Warranted by the manufacturers for five years. **Limited Offer.** Only 1,000 of them at $1 each. You pay the dollar after you receive the machine. Send name and address to AM. PUB. CO., Jersey City, N. J.

Retail Price 75 Cents

COMPLETE WITH CLOTH

It saves Labor, Time and Clothing.

As the hands do not come in contact with the water, chapped, scalded and sore hands are avoided. The mop being wrung at arm's length there is no stooping or straining of the back or shoulders. The hands are not soiled or disfigured by the wringing of a filthy, greasy cloth. As the cloth is not drenched or disfigured as in ordinary mopping no special preparation is required.

The use of scalding water is another important advantage impossible with the ordinary hand-wringing mop. The floor washes easier cleaner and quicker, and dries quicker.

Agents write for prices.

Tarbox Bros., 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

DR. A. WILFORD HALL'S HEALTH PAMPHLET.

Health Without Medicine.

Read the Following Testimonial:

"DEAR SIR,—I was among the very first to order Dr. Hall's Health Pamphlet on seeing its announcement in the MICROCOSM. I was then in Washington City, and proceeded immediately to put the new treatment into practice personally and with others, more especially to test its physiological and therapeutical effects. I have become so well convinced of its value for the alleviation of many forms of disease, such as dyspepsia, lung troubles, constipation, kidney derangements, and in fact all forms of disease which have their origin in an impure state of the circulation, that I am ready to give it my unqualified indorsement as a potent adjuvant in the treatment of such cases. * * *

Jas. F. Danter, M.D., late of Toronto, now of Fresno, Cal.

THE HEALTH PAMPHLET

tells the secret of keeping in health by warding off disease and building up the constitution

By Rational Treatment

Circulars sent on application. Other personal references given on application.

AGENTS WANTED.

C.C.POMEROY

49½ KING ST. WEST,

TORONTO.

[illegible]L FAT PEOPLE

[illegible] Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency [illegible]ntly by taking TRILENE TABLETS [illegible] a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH [illegible]E without Change of Diet. An English [illegible]rites:—"*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*"—[illegible] Note for **75 cents** to THE TRILENE [illegible]roprietors, 834 Broadway, New York.

EH Gage S Hughson St S

The Epitaph of Adam.

The following epitaph on Adam, "Our common ancestor," was written by Gabriel Alverez, of Paris, about 1743, and may be found in his "Historia Ecclesiæ Antediluvianæ":—

Here lies, reduced to a pinch of dust, he
whom from a pinch of dust, was
formed to govern the earth,
ADAM,
The son of none, father of All, the step-
father of All, and of
himself.
Having never wailed as a child, he spent
his life in sorrow and weeping,
the result of penitence.
Power, Wisdom, Justice, Immortality
He sold for the price of disobedience.
Having abused the privilege of Free Will,
Which weapon he had received for the
preservation of
KNOWLEDGE AND GRACE.
By one stroke he struck with death himself
and all the human race.
The Omnipotent Judge,
Who in his justice took him from
Righteousness,
by his mercy restored him whole again.
Saved by the Grace of
THE REDEEMER.
The first Adam lived to die.
The second Adam died to live.
Go, and imitate the penitence of the
FIRST ADAM.
Go, and celebrate the goodness of the
SECOND ADAM.

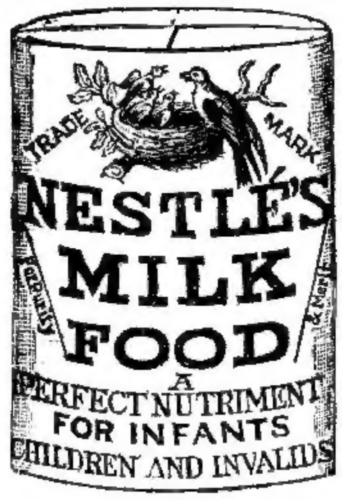
DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING—The McDowell Garment Drafting Machines, the most stylish, Simple, Complete, Artistic, Rapid, and Durable Method ever invented. Write for circular with full particulars. Sole Agents, TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL Adelaide st. west, Toronto, Ont.

DR. DORENWEND'S GERMAN HAIR MAGIC

Restores Gray Hair, Removes Dandruff and Promotes the Growth.

A great preparation. For sale by all druggists everywhere. $1 per bottle or 6 bottles for $5.

A. DORENWEND, - Sole Agt.



NEW GOODS TO HAND.

We have received a large stock of new stamped goods, which we are selling at the following very low prices:

Stamped toilet sets, newest designs, 35c., 45c., 60c., and 90c. per set of five pieces.
Comb and Brush Bags, newest designs, 35c., 45c., 75c., and $1.00 each.
Night dress bags, newest designs, 40c., 45c., 60c., and $1 each.
Splashers, 18x36 and 18x15, newest designs, 40c., 50c. and 75c each.
Carving and Tray Cloths, suitable designs, 40c., 50c. and 65c. each.
Sideboard Scarfs, 18x72, 75c. and $1 each.
Stamped Laundry Bags, newest designs, 55c., 75c. and 90c. each.
Stamped Umbrella Holders, newest designs 50c each.
Stamped Gentlemen's Companions, 75c. each.
Stamped Pillow Shams, 45c., 75c., and $1 a pair.
Stamped Tidys, all fringed, 25c., 50c. and 75c. each.
Stamped Biscuit Holders, new designs, 30c. each.

Notwithstanding the advance in the price of wools we are still selling our Berlin Wool, single and double, at 8c. per oz.
Shetland and Andalusian Wools, 10c per oz.
Ice Wool, all colors, 10c. per ball.
Embroidery Silks, all colors, 10c per doz.
Wash Silks, guaranteed to wash, 45c per doz.
Arrasene in all the new shades, 25c. per doz.
Felt, all new colors, 2 yards wide, 75c. and $1 a yard.
Pompons, 15 styles, 50 colors, 20c. per doz. up.

Letter orders receive prompt and careful attention, and goods can be sent, via parcel post, to any part of Canada. Our Price List will be sent free to any address.

Henry Davis,

DIRECT IMPORTER,

232 Yonge st., Toronto.

LADY AGENTS CLEAR $10 DAILY selling "Victoria Protector" and rubber goods for Ladies & Children. Sample "Victoria" by mail $1. Mrs. L. E. Singleton, Box 655, Chicago, Ill.

STOUT PEOPLE! WEIGHT REDUCED WITHOUT STARVATION DIET. Treatise & instruction for 6 stamps. E. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, New York.

5¢ For five cents (stamps or silver) to pay postage, etc., I will send you FREE a Royal Package, of great value, WHICH LEADS ON TO FORTUNE! Arthur Labelle, 185 St. James St. Montreal P.Q.

TANSY PILLS! Safe and Sure. Send 4c. for "WOMAN'S SAFE GUARD." Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

Dr. Davis' Pennyroyal and Steel Pills for females, quickly correct all irregularities. Sold by all chemists or the agent, W. NEILL, 2263 St. Catherine street, Montreal.

50c. Per Box.

FAT FOLKS using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa.

FITS Send at once for a FREE BOTTLE and a valuable Treatise. This remedy is a sure and radical cure and is perfectly harmless as no injurious drugs are used in its preparation. I will warrant it to cure

EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

In severe cases where other remedies have failed. My reason for sending a free bottle is: I want the medicine to be its own recommendation. It costs you nothing for a trial, and a radical cure is certain. Give Express and Post Office. Address:

CURED

H. G. ROOT M. C., 183 West Adelaide St. Toronto, Ont.

THE INDIAN HERB AND ELECTRIC PAD CURES All Kidney and Liver Ailments, Blood Diseases, Rheumatism, Nervous Debility and Premature Decline. Saves doctors' and druggists' bills. Agents make $100 to $300 a month. $2 sample free. Address at once, EAST INDIA CO., Jersey City, N. J.

Knitting Machine

Send for Illustrated Catalogue and this advertisement with your order for our NEW RIBBER and we will allow you

$10 PREMIUM DISCOUNT.

ADDRESS—

CREELMAN BROS., M'f'gs,

GEORGETOWN, ONT.

Ladies Journal

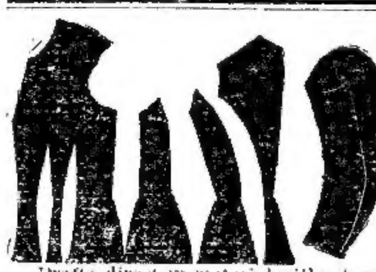
"CURLINE"

Dorenwend's New Discovery.

Curls, crimps and frizzes the hair. Holds its influence for days and often weeks.

Pleasant, effective and perfectly harmless, gives lustre and beauty to the hair. Sold at 50c., 5c. extra by mail. Sent anywhere on receipt of price. Will shortly be on sale by all druggists.

A. Dorenwend,
Paris Hair Works,
103 and 105 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.



DRESS CUTTING!

THE NEW

Tailor System

(LATE PROF. MOODY.)

LEADING SYSTEM OF THE DAY.

Drafts direct on material without paper for patterns. Covers the entire range of work, easy to learn, can be taught thoroughly through the mail. Large inducements to agents. Send for illustrated circular.

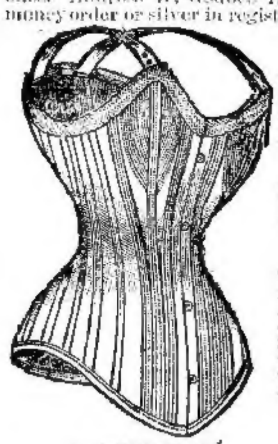
J. & A. CARTER,

PRACTICAL DRESSMAKERS, ETC., - - 372 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

☞ Beware of Models and Machines.

GIVEN AWAY WITH **DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CORSETS.**

To introduce Dr. Scott's new Electric High Hip Dress Form and Summer corset to the readers of this paper, we will make the following inducements: If you cannot get these Corsets at your nearest stores, remit at once for one of our fine Jean Dorsets at $1.50, or a Dress Form or Summer Ventilating Corset at $2.25, accompanied by 25c for postage and packing, mentioning this paper, and we will send you free with the Corset, post-paid, a set of our Ladies' Patent Skirt Supporters, retailing at 35c, or a choice of Dr. Scott's Electric Plasters, instead of the Supporters. This special offer to run for 30 days only, so that all feeling inclined to accept it, should do so at once. Address W. Godbee Brown & Co., 221 St. James street, Montreal, sending draft, P.O. money order or silver in registered letter, but not postage stamps.



DRESS FORM CORSET.

This Dress Form Corset is made with shoulder strap detachable, in sizes from 18 to 30 inches, dun and white. It is filled with our patent combination spinal supporting back, invaluable to all ladies; a beautiful silver plated compass accompanies each Corset, with which to test its power. Price $2.25 and 25c. for postage and packing with free premium.

Fine Jean Corset, $1.50. It is made of fine Jean, elegant in shape and very durable, in sizes from 18 to 30 inches, is handsomely trimmed, double stitched and has patent lock clasps. Price $1.50 with 25c. postage and packing, and the premium free.

THESE SKIRT SUPPORTERS FREE

To any lady remitting price of either of these new and beautiful Corsets with 25c for postage and packing. These Supporters are the most convenient and useful kind made, and sell at 35c and 50c. Any person not desiring Skirt Supporters can select Dr. Scott's Hair Curler or Tooth Brush, or two of Dr. Scott's Electric Plasters, value of each 60c.

SUMMER VENTILATING CORSET.

This is a beautiful Electric Summer Corset made of extra fine quality Nottingham net, and of double thickness. It has a girdle-shaped waist band, which firmly secures the material and prevents the corset from stretching and getting out of shape, with pockets all around, in which are placed our Watch Spring Magnetodes—in white only, 18 to 30 inches. Price $2.25, postage and packing 25c extra.

If you cannot obtain them at your dry goods, fancy stores or druggists we will mail any Corset including either premium, post-paid on receipt of price with 25c for packing and postage added. You thus obtain $2.75 value for $2.25 only.

AGENTS WANTED—Remit by P.O. money order, draft or currency—not postage stamps—in registered letter at our risk, payable to

W. Godbee Brown & Co., 221 St James St., Montreal.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

The Pills Purify the Blood, Correct all Disorders of the **Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowels.** They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

The Ointment Is an infallable Remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds Sores and Ulcers, is famous for Gout and rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal. **For Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Gladnlar Swellings, and all Skin Diseases,** it has no rival, and for Contracted and Stiff Joints, it act like a charm.

MANUFACTURED ONLY AT

Thomas Holloway's Establishment, 78 New Oxford St., late 533 Oxford St., London

And are sold at 1s., 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s.6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each box or pot, and may be had of a Medicine Vendors throughout the world. ☞ Purchasers should look to the label on the Pot and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.